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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Robert H. Boyle, whose study of the effects of acid precipitation begins on page 68, lives high on a hill above the Hudson River, in Cold Spring, N.Y., where he ponders "the thread of my life—nature and man's role in it, for better and worse." The Hudson itself, the subject of one of his books and a focus of many of his causes, is clearly another kind of thread for Boyle, linking New York City, where he publishes his outrage, his hilltop haven

manse, which contains fishermen's accounts of tying their favorite flies, includes a chapter he ghosted for Mitya Kotlyk, a nonliterary friend. Boyle writes that Kotlyk runs an exterminating business, and that he has been interested in fish for as long as he can remember. He does not add that Kotlyk is one of his Russian-descended wife's five cats.

Boyle no longer owns the 120-gallon tank in which he used to keep small schools of fish, ordinarily devoured by the larger specimens—such as his seven-pound smallmouth bass—but he does plan to put in some smaller tanks one day and raise stoneflies. That's no easy task, because they need a great deal of oxygen, and if they don't get it they "start doing push-ups" and die. Boyle has raised mayflies in the past and says that there is no problem getting them to hatch out in the living room. "My son Peter got interested one year," he says. "He was putting water in the tank from the collecting basin, and mosquitoes were hatching out all over the place. I didn't know what the hell was going on."



BOYLE: A FLY-TYER WITH OTHER KNOTTY CONCERNS

and the Adirondacks, where acid rain is falling in the wilderness.

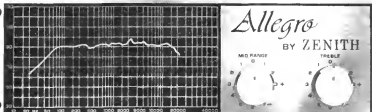
Boyle is a complex man who vastly oversimplifies what he does as "reporting on nature." He is also an impassioned conservationist, among other things president of the Hudson River Fishermen's Association, which spearheaded a group of organizations that recently persuaded the Hudson River utilities to set up a \$12-million foundation to study the aquatic life of the river. The possessor of an inventive and outrageous wit, he has now published seven books, including two on fly tying and another entitled *Malignant Neglect*, a report on the environmental causes of cancer. His most recent work, *Bass*, took him 16 years to complete because it pained him so to stop researching it.

Boyle's *The Second Fly-Tyer's Al-*

Boyle is currently completing a book on stoneflies, with fly-fisherman Eric Lesser. In the normal course of events, stoneflies live in stream beds for one to three years before emerging to split their nymphal shucks, after which they climb out, unfold their wings and fly away, leaving the shucks on the rocks, like old clothes. Last summer, prowling the Adirondacks, Boyle collected a handful of these from the Ausable River, testimony that another generation of living things had successfully run the gauntlet of nature and man. Bob Boyle took a particular pleasure in the fact, knowing better than most what that gauntlet now consists of.

Philip D. Harker

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Shopwalk

by ARNOLD SCHÉCHTER

**NOW FANS CAN GET THE SHIRTS OFF
STAR PLAYERS' BACKS—IN THE MAIL**

For sports fans, imitation has always been the most popular form of flattery. One generation of fans gobbles up No. 7 jerseys in honor of Mickey Mantle, and the next wipes out stocks of jerseys bearing Joe Namath's No. 12. But people longing for jerseys actually worn by their heroes have usually been out of luck: teams in major sports routinely wear out old uniforms in practice sessions or pass them along to rookies or minor-leaguers.

But now fans can get their hands on the real thing, thanks to Martin Friedman, who runs a Baltimore mail-order business specializing in major league baseball apparel, new and used. Friedman has done a great deal of serious swapping with general managers (e.g., new jackets for old jerseys) and players, and he has amassed an inventory of more than 300 jerseys that have been worn in games.

Friedman's current catalog lists shirts off the backs of such biggies as Mantle, Hank Aaron and Pete Rose, all at the top price of \$275, and jerseys of somewhat lesser lights at prices down to \$99—the cost of a Carlton Fisk or a Tug McGraw. He also has potluck group offerings (complete uniforms of the Boston Red Sox) and some choice non-baseball jerseys, including several worn by Namath (\$275) and Bobby Orr (\$175).

Fans should be forewarned that Friedman's listings change often, because he's continually acquiring new items and because his sales, especially of coveted Yankee and Dodger jerseys, have been brisk. According to Friedman, the roll call of his customers includes show-biz people like Linda Ronstadt and John Travolta; nostalgic fans displaced from the teams they root for; doctors, lawyers and business executives; guys who claim, "I know this player personally and I'm his biggest fan"; bars and sports-oriented restaurants; groupies; and fans in Japan and Germany.

Anyone who'd like to acquire a lived-in souvenir can be put on Friedman's mailing list by sending \$1 to: M. Friedman Specialty Co., P.O. Box 5777 (SI), Baltimore, Md. 21208.

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSCHENBAUM

THE SPRINGBOKS AND THE SOVIETS

The Reagan Administration's determination to allow the South African national rugby team, the Springboks, to begin a three-city U.S. tour this week is scheduled as ill-advised. Although the admission of individual South African athletes, like Gary Player and Johan Kriek, is a frequent and unobjectionable occurrence, the granting of visas to members of a national team is a different matter, because South Africa cynically seeks to use sports to legitimize its abhorrent apartheid policies, just as the 1980 Moscow Olympics were used to showcase a Soviet regime that had just invaded Afghanistan. Having boycotted the '80 Games to protest that Soviet action, the U.S. should now be no less resolute toward a country, South Africa, over which it exercises far greater influence. It further happens that in regard to South Africa, ostracism is the official policy of most of the sporting world. As a result of Washington's stubborn show-must-go-on approach to the Springboks' tour, black African countries have threatened to boycott the 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles. Jeopardizing an Olympics for the sake of three rugby matches is a questionable course.

Nevertheless, it's difficult to view with anything other than derision the news, as reported last week by *The Washington Post*, that if the Springboks' tour proceeds, the Soviet Union will urge at next week's International Olympic Committee Congress in Baden Baden, West Germany that the 1984 Games be moved out of the U.S. The Soviets may well regard such a campaign as a way to get even with the U.S. for boycotting the '80 Olympics, but the fact is that the U.S.'s welcoming of a South African national rugby team, wrongheaded though it may be, isn't nearly as reprehensible as the Soviet Union's invasion of Afghanistan. The L.A. Olympics shape up as a showcase for American entrepreneurship and possibly some other things, but *not* for apartheid. One can only

hope that the IOC will turn a deaf ear to any Soviet entreaties to move the '84 Games.

THE REAL THING

As a public service to baseball fans, here are the real major league standings as of Sunday night, the ones you would have seen in your newspapers if the game's elders hadn't tried to hype interest following the strike by concocting split-season mini-races quasi-culminating in semi-playoffs. You'll note that if the season hadn't been split, roughly half of the 26 teams would still have been involved in some pretty fair conventional divisional races. It seems to us those races would have been more interesting than the ones in progress.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

EAST	W	L	PCT.	GB
New York	53	36	.596	—
Detroit	53	37	.589	½
Baltimore	49	38	.563	3
Milwaukee	51	40	.560	3
Boston	47	41	.534	5½
Cleveland	43	42	.506	8
Toronto	31	58	.348	22

WEST	W	L	PCT.	GB
Oakland	52	39	.571	—
Texas	47	39	.547	2½
Chicago	44	42	.517	5½
California	43	48	.473	9
Kansas City	38	45	.458	16
Seattle	34	56	.378	17½
Minnesota	33	57	.367	18½

NATIONAL LEAGUE

EAST	W	L	PCT.	GB
St. Louis	48	32	.600	—
Philadelphia	47	40	.540	4½
Montreal	46	40	.535	5
Pittsburgh	39	44	.470	10½
New York	32	52	.384	18
Chicago	31	54	.365	19½

WEST	W	L	PCT.	GB
Los Angeles	55	35	.611	—
Cincinnati	52	36	.591	2
Houston	50	40	.556	5
Atlanta	43	43	.500	10
San Francisco	44	47	.484	11½
San Diego	33	57	.367	22

ONE THAT GOT AWAY

An elusive, five-pound, hatchery-reared coho salmon whimsically named John Beresford Tipton has anglers in the Pacific Northwest in a dither. Named by wags after the mysterious benefactor who gave Michael Anthony his assignment each week on the TV show *The Millionaire*, the specially tagged fish was released on Sept. 5 in Puget Sound as the prize in Schuck's Million Dollar Fish Derby, scheduled for the next day. Schuck's is an auto-supply company, and its derby was devised 1) to raise money for a local children's hospital, and 2) to



draw approving attention to Schuck's. According to Schuck's, anybody who paid a \$10 entry fee and was lucky enough to capture the tagged salmon between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. on the appointed day would receive \$1 million. Schuck's paid a \$30,000 premium for an insurance policy that would provide the \$1 million, then pledged that net proceeds would go to the hospital. The salmon, worth a million claims had a coded identification tag fastened to its dorsal fin and a microscopic I.D. tag implanted in its nose to make doubly sure that nothing fishy went on.

There's no question that the price of seafood is high, but \$1 million seemed a lot for a few pounds of fish. Accordingly, on Derby Day boat launching ramps and parking lots on Puget Sound were jammed with would-be millionaires, and bait and tackle rental shops quickly sold out. There were 12,410 entrants and, together with the usual Sunday-morning anglers, they made up the biggest fishing fleet anybody could remember seeing on the sound. Some of the entrants fished close to shore on the theory that a pen-

continues

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SCORECARD *continued*

reared salmon would stay in shallow water. Others worked farther out in the belief (correct, as it happened) that derby officials had released the salmon in deep water. But when the 6 p.m. deadline arrived, John Beresford Tipton hadn't been caught. Several excited entrants briefly thought they had won because they had caught tagged salmon. Those sorry souls were doomed to disappointment: their fish had been tagged for other purposes by state fisheries.

A spokesman for the insurance company that underwrote Schuck's policy pronounced himself "relieved" that nobody had collected the million dollars, but the quest for the coveted salmon didn't end there. By last weekend the fish still hadn't been reeled in, and new rewards were posted by various parties. An unidentified attorney offered \$1,000 to anybody who caught John Beresford Tipton, while a Seattle radio station, KAYO, and one of its advertisers pledged \$2,000 plus \$1,000 to the children's hospital. A Seattle FM station, KBLE, also got into the act, in celebration of the fact that its frequency is 93.0, it offered a bounty of \$93 a pound. With others thus trying to horn in on its successful promotion, Schuck's hurriedly got back in the picture by offering a new, \$10,000 reward for the fugitive fish, with a Nov. 1 deadline. It's possible, however, that nobody will collect the loot. As the fevered quest for John Beresford Tipton continued, there was growing speculation that the prize salmon may already have fallen prey to killer whales or seals.

FINGERS KEEPERS

Blame this one on Montreal Gazette Columnist Nick Auf der Maur.

A duffer excitedly showed a golf ball to another fellow and gushed, "This ball is fantastic. You lose it in the rough and it emits little puffs of yellow smoke. Lose it in the woods and it sends out electronic pings. Knock it in the water and a little flotation collar pops out with a small flag."

"That's sensational," the other fellow said. "Where'd you get it?"

"I found it over by the second hole."

POLL DOPE

The Associated Press came out with its first weekly college football poll of the 1981 season early last week, and the ever-vigilant David Montgomery promptly

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EQUITABLE'S PRESIDENT, COYTE KLANNDORF, PRESENTS TROPHIES TO THE SIX WINNING TEAMS OF THE EQUITABLE FAMILY TENNIS CHALLENGE DURING THE U.S. OPEN.

began updating his statistics on the subject of the AP poll. In a labor of love, Montgomery, a state Health Department official in Lincoln, Neb., has pored over newspaper microfilm to research the results of all such polls since the first one on Oct. 20, 1936. Not just the final polls, understand, but every weekly poll during the season, too. According to Montgomery, there have been 492 weekly football polls so far, with 151 different teams appearing one or more times in the Top 20.

Notre Dame leads the way, having been in the Top 20 for at least one week in 44 of the 46 years of the AP poll's existence—398 weeks all told, well ahead of runner-up Ohio State, which has 347 Top 20 appearances. Michigan, which topped last week's inaugural AP weekly poll but should take quite a tumble this week following Saturday's 21-14 loss to Wisconsin (page 56), holds the record for the most consecutive Top 20 appearances with 149, a streak that spanned the 1970s, beginning on Oct. 28, 1969 and ending last Sept. 30 after the Wolverines lost two of their first three games of the 1980 season. Oklahoma currently has a 143-week streak, having been in the Top 20 every week since Dec. 2, 1970. The Sooners could break Michigan's record during the eighth week of this season.

Schools that have cracked the Top 20 at one time or another also include Lafayette, which was 18th, 18th and 19th in three polls in 1940, and Washington and Lee, which was 19th and 18th in the last two weeks of 1950. Schools with only one appearance include Williams (No. 20, Nov. 10, 1942), Mahlenberg (No. 19, Nov. 20, 1946), Citizaba (No. 20, Dec. 2, 1947) and Bucknell (No. 20, Nov. 21, 1951). Brown is the only Ivy League school never to have made the Top 20. The University of Chicago never did, either, the inaugural AP poll came out the season after Chicago's Jay Berwanger became the first Heisman Trophy winner in 1935.

So much for the Top 20. Now for those schools that have been No. 1. Thirty-four teams have been voted tops in the country for at least one week, and again Notre Dame leads with 62 such appearances, followed by Ohio State with 57, Oklahoma 45, USC 42, Texas 37 and Michigan State and Alabama 28, each. Four teams have been No. 1 every week of a season—Notre Dame in

1943, Army in 1945, Nebraska in 1971 and USC in 1972. After their '72 sweep, the Trojans also were top-ranked the first three weeks of '73, giving them a record 17-week stay as No. 1.

Only one team ever lost its final game of the season yet retained its No. 1 ranking—Notre Dame, whose year-ending loss in 1943 was to Great Lakes Naval Training Center. Cornell is the only Ivy League school to be ranked No. 1, but its reign at the top, in each of the first four weeks of the 1940 season, occurred before there was an official Ivy League. Illinois and Indiana are the only Big Ten schools that haven't been No. 1. Northwestern has been top-ranked five different weeks vs. Penn State's four. Army has 27 No. 1 placements, Arizona State none. Those with exactly one week as No. 1: Arkansas, Boston College, Missouri, North Carolina and Wisconsin. Dan Jenkins' alma mater, TCU (SI, Aug. 31), made it to the top of the weekly AP poll twice in 1938 but hasn't even cracked the Top 20 since 1962.

HOW ABOUT THE DELHI CONTESTANT?

Inspired by the fact that the Poca (W. Va.) High School football team is nicknamed the Dots and by the fact that there used to be a minor-league hockey team called the Macon Whoopies, one of our Florida-based correspondents, Charles Gillespie, thought of other communities whose names might lend themselves to similarly evocative nicknames like, say, the Tarzana Stripes or the Charlotte Thereupon Reporter Franz Lidz weighed in with the Spokane Words, Juneau Whats, Nome Chomskys, Pusan Boots and Algiers Hisses. Then somebody else thought of the Vichy Swabs and the Cali Flowers. And, of course, the Augusta Winds. And the Malta Milks. And...

TAKING NOTES

Of all the pitchers George Brett has muddled, none has been treated more rudely than Ed Figueroa. Over a span of seven seasons, Brett has gone 26 for 42, for a lousy .619 average, against Figueroa. After tours with the Angels, Yankees and Rangers, Figueroa was brought up from the minor leagues two weeks ago by the Oakland A's, but he didn't see action last weekend when the A's and Brett's Kansas City Royals, battling for the second-half lead in the American League West, met for the first time in 1981.

But you can bet that Figueroa took notes. On his way to last season's .390 batting average, Brett got just 10 hits in 43 at-bats against Oakland for a .233 average. If he hadn't faced the A's he would have hit (.197) .406. Heading into Oakland on Friday, Brett had been on a 421 (8 for 19) tear in his last five games, but while Kansas City won two of the three games to move two games ahead of the A's, a quartet of Oakland pitchers—Matt Keough, Mike Norris, Steve McCarty, Jeff Jones and Tom Underwood—cooled Brett off considerably; he went a less-than-awesome 4 for 14. As for Figueroa, he actually sounded crushed that Oakland Manager Billy Martin hadn't seen fit to use him against the Royal third baseman. Seemingly drawing confidence merely from having joined the A's Brett-baiting pitching corps, Figueroa said bravely: "I wouldn't mind a shot at him again."

STAYING OUT OF THE LOSS COLUMN

Before the 1981 baseball season (Part I) began, the Texas Rangers' rotund manager Don Zimmer, and Kansas City's equally ample pitching coach, Billy Connors, made a bet as to which of them would shed the most weight by the All-Star Game. But the strike intervened, apparently leaving Zimmer and Connors less opportunity to exercise and more to sit around and eat linguine with clam sauce, or the caloric equivalent thereof. This may explain how it came to be that when the delayed All-Star Game was finally played last month, Zimmer was one pound heavier than he had been in April, yet still won the bet. Connors had gained 10 pounds.

THEY SAID IT

- Lou Holtz, Arkansas football coach, proclaiming his dislike of road trips: "I play as well on the road as I do at home, but my teams don't."
- Kenny King, Oakland Raider running back, on the effect of the NFL's new ban on the use of sackup by pass receivers: "You'll still see great catches. They just won't be made with the elbows."
- Bobby Bragan, Texas Ranger administrative assistant, after a home game against the Blue Jays that included a promotional appearance by Clayton Moore, the original TV Lone Ranger: "It's not very often we get to see the Lone Ranger and Toronto the same night."

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Dan Gable, Olympic Wrestling Champion
Coach of 1980 U.S. Olympic Wrestling Team

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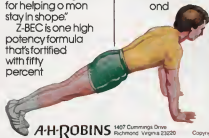
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A-H-ROBINS

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Pick 'em out, John," said the guard. "Pick out the ones you want." It sounded as if he meant fruits and vegetables, but he was referring to John McEnroe's friends who wanted to join him on the stadium court at Flushing Meadows. The champ identified his people as

ANOTHER BIG MAC ATTACK

In pounding his way to a third consecutive U.S. Open title, John McEnroe served notice he's on top to stay
by **FRANK DEFORD**



he moved through the crowd, tapping this one, casting an arm about that one.

"Pick 'em out."

"John," said a little girl, and he turned toward her.

"What about this one, Johnny Mac?" said another guard.

"Oh yeah," he said, and he patted her on the back and signaled that her mother was O.K., too. His curls were pressed down on his wet forehead, his collar was up, as always, like his dander, but now he was champion at home again, in Queens, U.S.A. Not only was he wel-

come at this place, but they also were dropping the barriers and letting his people in where it was exclusive.

After demolishing Bjorn Borg in four sets—4-6, 6-2, 6-4, 6-3—at the U.S. Open a few minutes earlier, McEnroe had become indisputably the best. Oh yes, Borg still reigns supreme on clay, but that is small global potatoes, like stacking up the Hiroshima Carp next to the Philadelphia Phillies. Indeed, so high does McEnroe now stand that he helped make the women's tournament more intriguing than the men's. Of course, that is subject to sudden change. With her thrilling victory over Martina Navratilova, Tracy Austin is, at age 18, poised at that same edge of domination where McEnroe stood this time last September.

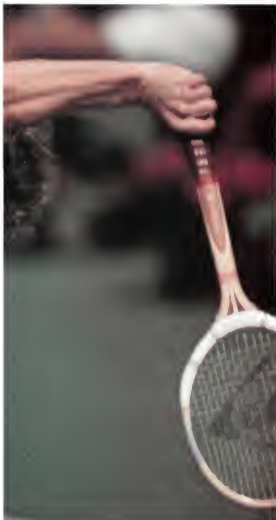
Austin, though, must yet repel legitimate contenders, like the renaissance Navratilova. McEnroe bestrides his field. For too long now, Borg's failures to win the Open have been attributed to New York, the airplanes, the weather, the lights, the longitude, everything in town but Bowie Kuhn. Sunday McEnroe exposed all that date-store psychology as so much fancy.

Instead it is simply this. Borg doesn't have the total game to beat McEnroe on a hard court, at least not in Flushing Meadow, not when it matters. McEnroe so controlled the match that on those rare occasions when he was broken, it was more because of his own momentary lapses than of anything the befuddled challenger did.

The night before, in the semis, Borg had everybody raving by slugging fast flat serves past the late, great Jimmy Connors. But that wasn't comparable to dealing with Mac. Borg could flail away against Jimbo because if he missed the first one, so what? Connors was no threat to come in against Borg's relatively weak second delivery. Connors has now lost 10 times in a row to Borg. Against Borg, Connors is like an eager child who has been given a toy to construct, and each time he faithfully puts all the pieces together the same way, all wrong.

Playing McEnroe, Borg dared follow his serve in only when he sliced a first ball wide to the backhand in the deuce court. On most other occasions, after an exchange or two, there would be Mc-

continued



In a battle of boomers, McEnroe got in 52% of his first balls with 10 aces. Borg 56%, nine aces



For the 10th time the crown he covets most remained out of the reach of Bjorn Borg, who now has lost three major-championship finals in a row to McEnroe.

U.S. OPEN *continued*

Enroe, treading water at the net. On several break points McEnroe crowded the second serve, slid over and nailed a forehand right past Borg. It was scary how easily he made those returns against the second best player in the world.

Even more discouraging for Borg, when he could fight his way to the net, McEnroe would flip a lob for a winner, which is exactly what everybody says you should do to McEnroe, though neither Borg nor anybody else seems to try. Also, "they" say, slug service returns, press him, make the points short so he can't get any rhythm and play more to his forehand. Nobody seems able to do those things, either.

Vitas Gerulaitis, seeded way back at

15th, fared best against his fellow New Yorker, winning two sets in the semis. Gerulaitis and his game have been away somewhere soft recently, and when he upset third-seeded Ivan Lendl in the round of 16, he was so delighted he blew kisses to the crowd and crowed, "I'm back! I'm back!" as if we all might dust off the yellow ribbons that had been in cold storage since the hostages returned from Teheran. Gerulaitis, a wrathlike figure, whiter-than-white even down to his racket handle, had his speed back and ran holes in a swirling wind that otherwise tickled McEnroe's service tosses, and he stayed even on serve until 1-2, 15-love in the fifth set.

But then a dispute arose over whether a spectator had disturbed play by chucking an errant ball back onto the court.

McEnroe further discombobulated things by breaking a racket string over CBS's vulgarity-catcher microphone. When the ship at last got under sail again, Gerulaitis lost his serve, and McEnroe held his at love, Boom—like that, five minutes and it was 4-1, all over. "The guy was getting so nervous," Gerulaitis said wistfully. "Definitely he was nervous."

So shaken was McEnroe that he withstood nine break points in that set. The nervous guy also survived despite dropping opening sets to the likes of Juan Nunez and Ramesh Krishnan—or Rubbish Krishnan as the scoreboard spelled the little fellow's name for the first half hour of the match. McEnroe was even a temperamental zephyr compared with the typhoon we had been assured would blow in. He actually seems to have



learned not to take it personally when his countrymen dare root against him. Americans aren't anti-American. Merely anti-king. McEnroe is getting so good he's taking all the fun out of things.

"We're overstocked with people who do things well," said Gene Mayer shortly before he defaulted from this third straight Grand Slam event. "Especially in New York. You just walk down the street here and you see five champions of something. Nothing is special here." Well, before Sunday no man had won three U.S. titles in a row since Big Bill Tilden won six 56 years ago. There are champions and there are champions.

Pick 'em out.

The women's results were heavily influenced by atrocious seeding that placed Hana Mandlikova fifth, even though she

had reached the finals of the last four Grand Slam tournaments, winning two, and had lost to no one but the eventual winner in the last six majors. This inequity was compounded by the draw, which pitted Chris Evert Lloyd, the top seed, against Mandlikova in the quarters.

Meanwhile, in the impoverished bottom half of the draw, Austen had to deal with no one of consequence. In the semis, for example, she faced 11th-seeded Barbara Potter, Patsy Preppie, who last year graduated first in her boarding-school class, is as bright and beguiling a pro as there is. For one outing she donned a garish yellow-and-black bumblebee ensemble—"I prefer variety in my apparel, my game and my love life"—but Patsy's groundies only float, never sting, and Austen sashayed into the finals without the loss of a set.

By contrast, barely a week into the tournament, Evert Lloyd faced Mandlikova in the first showdown of the Open. New York hasn't hosted such a Tuesday-afternoon clash of titans since the Subway Series of yore, and Evert Lloyd came primed. It's wise to remember that she was only momentarily training her sights on Mandlikova. Her primary target is Helen Wills Moody's record seven U.S. titles. Evert Lloyd has five, and because "maybe two years is all I have left," victory in every match at the Open is nothing short of imperative in her eyes.

Mandlikova had needed a somewhat dubious call on a match point against her to survive an opening-round encounter against Mary Lou Piatek, but she had grown stronger thereafter, and the swelling chorus that attributes to her the elegance of Bueno and the grace of Goolagong was beginning to be heard over the jet engines above. Cut high, dishing, her stone face bound by a tied headband, its tails flying in back, Mandlikova seems more Apache than Czech—Apache of both sorts, warrior and dancer. Maturity is still the issue, but she's more at ease all the time, and something of a milestone in her development as a touring pro took place early in the tournament when she had her first dream in English.

Tuesday was somewhat pivotal itself, the day the cool, rainy weather of the tournament's first days was replaced by sunshine—and the winds. Mandlikova was the first to succumb to the latter. She kept being distracted by breezes that lifted her skirt up in back. Evert

Lloyd undressed her otherwise with lobs and passing shots. Tossing the ball into the guts, Mandlikova lost 16 of 18 service points in the first set, and Evert Lloyd won 6-1, 6-3.

Navratilova lay waiting for the winner in the weeds, forgotten when she was not maligned. Barely two years ago she reigned as the repeat Wimbledon champion, but her successes have been slight since then, and what part of her game wasn't lost to indifferent conditioning was dissipated by a personal life in flux. Among women in the news, not even Supreme Court nominee Sandra O'Connor has had her private wash hung out so fully in public view. Then in July, Navratilova, who defected from Czechoslovakia in 1975, became a U.S. citizen. But in an old-fashioned—and very dear—way, this passage didn't mean a conclusion for her. The greater quest now lay ahead.

"Martina wants so much to be accepted as an American," says Renee Richards, her good friend. "And she wants to be the champion of her country."

Toward these ends, Navratilova began to work herself and her game back into shape. Richards started coaching her, and Billie Jean King provided serving tutelage. Stop trying to copy McEnroe's style, King said, and on the second ball forget the slice and stay with your natural topspin. Moreover, Navratilova took off so much weight that she had to eat a few pounds back on for strength's sake. Wearing a sort of Houston Astro uniform and a new strawberry-blond head of hair with a beribboned pigtail, she was more attractive than ever—and proud to be an American looker.

Following a middle-round match, she opened her eyes wide and said, "Hey, you hear what they're saying up in the stands? She's pretty. And nobody ever said that before.... well, unless they were close to me."

Across the net, Evert Lloyd had succeeded in making her 11th straight U.S. Open semifinal. She also has been in 10 Wimbledon semis in a row. Neither Moody nor Tilden nor any other immortal approached either of those feats, much less the two together. On this gusty Friday afternoon Evert Lloyd and Navratilova played one for the annals, a duel both brave and trenchant, highlighted by one remarkable point in the middle set that was as comprehensive an exercise in tennis as two women ever displayed. Evert

continued

Lloyd won that point as she won that set, but, as Navratilova said, "It all seemed too good for me not to win," and she did, 7-5, 4-6, 6-4.

In the first set she squandered a 5-3, 40-15 lead, but she broke the defender in the 12th game by outplaying her off the ground. Then, in the deciding set, serving down a break and 15-30, Navratilova ran out the match amidst tumultuous crowd activity. Two suspensions in play, totaling 10 minutes, were required for a platoon of Keystone Kops to corral three loudmouthed rowdies from the upper reaches of the packed stadium. However, to the delight of many shamefaced New Yorkers, the most loathsome disturber of the peace turned out to hail from none other than London, England. It's reliably reported that he will not be given a membership in the U.S. Open Club.

But Navratilova's victorious struggle over Evert Lloyd left behind some incriminating evidence. Her stamina could be seen as suspect, and Marty Riessen, Austin's new coach, recognized how much havoc Evert Lloyd had created by lobbing. Austin's lobs in the final were even better than Evert Lloyd's had been, and they took a great toll. What let Navratilova down the most was her forehead volley. The most disquieting of her countless mistakes off that stroke was a sitter she plunked into the net at break point for 5-4 in the second set. For want of that shoe was the kingdom lost.

Austin, of course, was enjoying a revival herself, having been shelved for four months earlier this year with a serious lower-back disability. It wasn't till last month's Canadian Open that she regained her form, which is all the more reason to credit her courage, because when she at last found herself tested she was up to the task. Tested? Navratilova simply knocked her back on her heels, 6-1, in a 25-minute opening set.

But Austin steadied herself, even as she fidgeted more on every point—like some third-base coach, touching her hair, her face, her dress, her necklace—and in the two tiebreakers she needed for victory, she routed the 24-year-old Navratilova 7-4 and 7-1, respectively. In the end, the difference was not just the execution the prodigy has always been famous for, but also a brilliant piece of bold strategy. Leading 1-0 in the final tiebreaker and having played Navratilova's backhand all day, Austin won two straight points by

slamming drives to the forehand corner. In both cases Navratilova was caught dumb struck and wrong-footed.

Austin's game has always mirrored Lloyd's, but now, it seems, she has Chris's grit as well. And Lord knows, she's still unaffected. "See you Monday," Jerry Diamond, the head of the Women's Tennis Association, said to her after the championship match.

"What for?" asked Tracy.

"You know, at the White House."

"Oh yesh," Tracy said, and ran off to her supper.



After Tracy had wasted three match points in the final, a gutsy play won her a second Open title

And if once Austin was Evert Lloyd redux, the Open showed that more of the same keep coming. And coming. There was a 17-year-old amateur named Barbara Gerken who got to the quarters. She had never seen a pro tournament before, much less played in one. One day a 16-year-old played, and she was two years older than her opponent, another pro. Another day dandy little Andrea Jaeger, only 16 but already No. 2 on the computer, got eliminated. She was up 6-1, 5-2, 30-love against a 17-year-old amateur from Baltimore named Andrea Leand, who had never before even qualified for a pro tournament.

But suddenly it came together for Andrea J. Her powerful ground strokes found safe harbor, and she began to press. Andrea J, with her one-note style, had nothing to fall back on, and she grew frustrated and bewildered. Five straight games for Leand, 7-5. Then a break for the amateur in the third set, which she ran out 6-3. Andrea J couldn't fathom how another kid could beat her. She talked to herself and choked back tears. Bad calls! It must be bad calls! More than that. It was the whole umpiring system!

Unlike Jaeger, Leand has continued to play junior tournaments, maintaining a regular school regimen, gaining acceptance to Princeton, studying computers instead of reading in one. Maybe that's what hurt Jaeger the most, that she lost to a girl who had had a childhood.

An official, Lee Jackson, was rushed outside as Jaeger's defeat seemed imminent, and she escorted the broken-winged little bird away. All the time Andrea kept sobbing and whining to Jackson about the bad calls. Finally, kindly but firmly, the grownup turned to the pro and said, "But, dear, don't you see, I

just can't do anything about that." Andrea stared back at Jackson through her tears. It was horrible to see. This had nothing to do with growing up. This was about growing old, and no 16-year-old should have to experience that.

But there also was an especially lovely match late one day. It paired McEnroe and Peter Fleming against fiery Fred Stolle and John Newcombe, two old U.S. champions, aged 42 and 37, respectively, who somehow had got themselves to the semifinals of the doubles against the top seeds. They had a glorious time; once Stolle ended up on the other side of the net, with McEnroe and Fleming. The whole stadium was rollicking, cheering and laughing to beat the band. Only the top seeds, the winners, didn't seem to be enjoying themselves. In close, McEnroe slammed a forehand into Stolle's neck.

Afterward, Stolle said, "We always had a fair bit of fun playing doubles in my day. I don't think you'll find any of the Top 10 today playing doubles when they're 42."

McEnroe's overhead gave her much trouble, but her play made her a tearful wreck with the fans

And Newcombe said, "I feel sorry for them. That's all. It's a sport. It's a living, too, yes, but they take it over the fringe."

McEnroe said, "Fun? I enjoy the competition. But I was brought up to be very serious on the court, and I just can't be what you call a crowd-pleaser." And so, right or wrong, it's all very serious now.

Still, it was so very nice when Navratilova cried after the women's final. She didn't weep when Austin beat her. She cried several minutes later when she was introduced as the runner-up, the loser, and the other Americans clapped and cheered, on and on, until she understood, at last, that they liked her. That was very nice.

DND



HAS THE SNAKE BECOME SNAKE OIL?

Ken Stabler has come out of retirement and quarterbacked Houston to a 2-0 start. The question: Is he a cure-all or no cure at all? **by PAUL ZIMMERMAN**

There was an ugly red bruise on his left arm, the sweat was still dripping off his nose, his hair hung in a dank, gray clump; and Kenny Stabler was telling people that, yes, training camp is a sensible way to spend summer afternoons.

It took an injury to the Oilers' interim quarterback, Gifford Nielsen, and many, many phone calls from Houston to various parts of Alabama to bring Stabler back to the Oilers. But here he was, and despite a very lackluster performance by the offense, Houston was 2-0 after Sunday's 9-3 victory over Cleveland.

"You need to go to training camp, there's no doubt about it," Stabler said. "I definitely believe that. Our offense wasn't worth a damn. The defense carried us the whole way."

"How did you attack the Browns today?" he was asked, and Stabler let out his breath in a long sigh and seemed to shrink a couple of inches. "Any damn way I could," he said.

The week before, it seemed that Stabler was on the verge of revolutionizing the game, when the Oilers scored 21 points in the second half to beat the Rams 27-20. O.K., so it took a 95-yard kickoff return by a rookie named Willie Tullis to clinch it, but hadn't Stabler bounced back from a 4-for-11 start with nine straight completions? After the game the Oiler players were telling people, "That first half, that was all the training camp Kenny needed."

Last Sunday things evened up a little. The Browns, bombed 44-14 by San Diego in the opening Monday-nighter, rose up and played ferocious defense. They knocked Earl Campbell out of the box after three quarters. The Oilers' fullback came into the game with a damaged left shoulder, and after a couple of carries, it was obvious he wasn't himself.

"I brought him down with an arm tackle one time," Cleveland Linebacker Clay Matthews said, "and that's something that never happened before. I figured either I'd got a lot stronger or Earl was a lot weaker."

A neck injury finally finished Campbell off—"I tried hitting a guy with my head, and it didn't work," he said—and it was up to Stabler and his receivers to carry the offense. The result was three Tom Fritsch field goals and a depressing set of stats: 50 offensive plays vs. 81 for the Browns, 2-for-12 on third-down conversions, 118 yards passing and another 91 on the ground.

What the Oilers got from Stabler was two big plays, and they were just enough. He set up a field goal in the first quarter with a 42-yard completion to Ken Burroughs, the ball hung, Burroughs, who is

6' 3" went up for it; the cornerback 5' 11½" Lawrence Johnson, froze.

Fritsch was put in position for his last field goal, in the fourth quarter, by a 48-yard pass-and-run, Stabler to Campbell's replacement, Adger Armstrong. This was vintage Snake. A play-action fake sucked in two linebackers and Stabler neatly hit Armstrong, cutting in behind them. Aside from that one play, the Oilers' offense in the fourth period totaled five yards.

And this was an offense designed especially for Stabler. In the off-season, the Oilers' new head coach, Ed Biles,



brought in an offensive coordinator, Jim Shofner, from the Browns, a terrific guy with quarterbacks. Under Shofner's direction, the 49ers' John Brodie had some great years. At Cleveland, Brian Sipe called Shofner "the most inspirational coach I've ever been associated with. It's no coincidence that when Shofner came to Cleveland, people were speculating about my losing my job, and three years later I won the MVP."

Shofner and Biles decided to gear their offense to Stabler's extraordinary ability to get all the receivers into the offense. They junked the double-tight-end I-formation that was designed for Campbell. "We gave Stabler an offense very similar to what he had in Oakland," Shofner says, "something we felt he'd be comfortable with."

Then, on Wednesday, July 22, veterans' reporting day, Stabler threw the gears into reverse when he announced

he'd had it with pro football. All sorts of things were read into that announcement: that Stabler didn't much care for Biles; a tough little Ohioan who had spent 28 years in coaching before he finally landed a top spot in the NFL; and that Biles, who had announced that he was going to tighten discipline on the club and enforce a curfew, felt the same way about Stabler.

"That just wasn't true," Biles says. "Hey, he was our quarterback, our No. 1 guy. I'm not crazy, you know."

There had been hard words spoken by some of the Oilers after the 1980 season, which ended with a 20-point loss to Oakland in the first round of the playoffs and the firing of Coach Bum Phillips. Most of them concerned the two-tight-end offense, but some of the criticism spilled over to Stabler himself. The suggestion was that he had taken full advantage of Phillips' rather loose training rules and wasn't giving the game the old dedication.

Some players said that the way the Snake handled his retirement was just another example of his laissez-faire way of doing things—that when his child-support payments, for instance, were upped from \$500 a month to \$1,400, he just kept on paying at the old rate until a California bench warrant for his arrest brought about a settlement with his ex. It was recalled that he had stiffed a Phillips charity golf tournament without explanation, that he hadn't shown up at his own football camp in Marion, Ala.

Stabler finally returned on Wednesday night, Aug. 26. He huffed his way through his first practice, jogging a bit at the end and nearly collapsing. When he threw a few passes and one of them fluttered and died and was easily picked off by a linebacker, the defensive guys howled, "Training camp, Kenny! Training camp!" "Oh, yeah, this is much better than drinking beer and lying on the beach," Stabler said after the workout. "Running plays and dying. That's much more fun."

Then on Sunday, Aug. 30, the saga took another strange turn when *The New York Times* ran a front-page story that Stabler frequently had been seen with one Nicholas Dudich of Perth Amboy,

N.J., who years before had twice been convicted of bookmaking.

Not the front sports page, the front page of the whole paper, right up there with the U.S. position on South Africa and the high-interest crisis.

The party line from Houston was that it was all a ploy by Oakland owner Al Davis, who said he'd informed the league office of the Stabler-Dudich association, which went back at least five years. Tex Schramm, the Dallas Cowboys' general manager, made a pointed reference to "the Oakland input," suggesting that Davis had given the story to the *Times*.

"That just isn't true," Davis says. "Tex has become the league lackey. The *Times* called me."

The *Times* backs up Davis' contention, pointing out that it had initiated the story using as a starting point material it had had on file for two years and that the reporters who worked on the story, John M. Crewdson and Wendell Rawls Jr., were Pulitzer Prize winners and not the kind of people who would fall for a plant job. The NFL office, which had investigated the Stabler-Dudich association as early as 1978 and had given Stabler a clean bill, launched another, brief investigation into the matter.

"Of course we reacted to the *Times* story," says Pete Rozelle. "We've got to react to any kind of negative publicity."

As for Stabler's relationship with Dudich, Rozelle says, "I think Dudich is a kind of grouper, nothing more. If something serious had been going on, the betting line would have reflected it, and it never moved much, either at Oakland or at Houston."

The Oiler players rallied around their quarterback. "Hey, *The New York Times* is read around the world, isn't it?" said Offensive Tackle Leon Gray. "I can just see some guy in Paris picking up the *Times* and reading the front page and saying, 'Who eez thees person, de Snake?'"

According to another teammate, Gregg Bingham, a linebacker, Stabler isn't quite who he seems to be. "In spite of all his Cool Hand Luke stuff," says Bingham, "his feelings are hurt very easily. When everyone's sitting around a bar in 1995, talking about who the great quarterbacks were in this era, well, all Kenny wants is his name mentioned alongside the other guys."

Stabler had a top-flight opener in Los Angeles, but he was clearly winging it against Cleveland





Set after by the Expos, Williams savors temporary retirement in Tampa with a brew and wife Norma

WILL INEXPERIENCE BE A GREAT TEACHER?

When the Montreal Expos abruptly dismissed Dick Williams, they replaced him with Jim Fanning, who last managed Class C Eau Claire in 1962 **by STEVE WULF**

He literally didn't know how to tie his shoes. Jim Fanning had the intricacies of the bowknot down pat, but on his first day as manager of the Montreal Expos he had to ask his coaches whether the bow went over or under the flap that extends from the tongue of baseball

shoes. Fanning, the former backup catcher to Joe Garagiola, hadn't been in uniform since he managed the Eau Claire (Wis.) Braves to a third-place finish and the postseason championship in the Class C Northern League in 1962.

Until last week Fanning was the vice-

president for player development of the Expos, and Dick Williams, who in his 14-year career had guided the Red Sox and A's into three World Series, was the manager. But Montreal was floundering, and John McHale, the chief executive officer, wanted to avoid another season of disappointment after losing the division title on the last weekend two years in a row. So on Labor Day he asked Fanning, his friend of 20 years, to take over the team. The call came while Fanning was typing a four-page, single-spaced report on the Denver Bears' playoff victory in the American Association.

Twenty-four hours later the Expos suffered a 10-5 defeat by the Philadelphia Phillies. The next night Montreal squandered two leads and lost 11-8 to the Phillies, and one of the Philadelphia papers referred to Fanning as "Alice in Blunderland." In Chicago on Friday the Expos failed to score the tying run with runners on first and third and none out in the ninth, and the manager was again hung out to dry.

What did Fanning do to deserve this? He certainly didn't ask for the job. He was the quintessential organization man. He was loyal, trustworthy and smart. First as general manager and then as farm director, he had provided the Expos with their considerable talent. When McHale decided that Williams had to go, he thought of Fanning. "I wanted somebody who would come in for the month without rocking the boat, who knew the players. Jim was a natural choice."

Not everybody thought so. Harry Caray, after reading the Cubs' score during the first inning of Friday night's White Sox telecast, editorialized: "The Expos haven't won since replacing Dick Williams as manager. Nice going, John McHale. With an intellect like that, you could graduate from Notre Dame." John McHale did graduate from Notre Dame.

Some of the players weren't too happy, either. "For the first time in five years, I sit down," said Outfielder Warren Crommitie, who was benched by Fanning. "Another goddamn General Patton. We needed a change, but not this change. We're a game and a half out, everybody's future's on the line, and we've got a guy coming down from the booth."

Pitcher Bill Lee, who always puts it another way, put it another way: "We've changed horses in mid-stream. And we haven't even got on the horse, and now we're tumbling over and over down the river of despair."

Things brightened considerably on Saturday when the Expos won 2-0 on a combined three-hitter by Steve Rogers, Woodie Fryman and Jeff Reardon. Ironically, Rogers and Reardon were commonly cited as two of the reasons Williams was fired.

Rogers was making his first start since Aug. 28. On Aug. 30, Williams had sent him in to pinch-run in the 11th inning against the Atlanta Braves. Rogers tried to break up a double play and ended up breaking the sixth rib on his left side. Even Rogers, a sometime critic of Williams, defended the move, but as far as the Expo fans were concerned, that broke the camel's back, not to mention Rogers' rib. The callers on sports phone-in shows in Montreal were outraged, and when the Expos returned home on Sept. 3 the fans were singing, "Dick Must Go." The front office was listening.

McHale also didn't think Williams was using Reardon enough. The Expos had acquired the bearded reliever a couple of weeks before the strike from the Mets for troubled but talented Outfielder Ellis Valentine. "Maybe Dick wasn't used to having that one big guy in the bullpen," McHale says. Reardon had made only 12 appearances in six weeks under Williams. "I don't like to complain," Reardon says, "but I do like a lot of work." It wasn't as if he had been ineffective: As of last week he had given up just four earned runs in his last 43 innings. One of the first things that Fanning did was to tell Reardon he was his stopper.

But Reardon and Rogers were hardly the only reasons Williams was fired. McHale cited a lack of discipline and communication. In five years in Montreal Williams had closed himself off from virtually everyone in the organization. "His style ranged from extreme noninterference," Rogers says, "to biting, caustic remarks. The result was lackadaisical play."

Third Baseman Larry Parrish, a Florida rancher in the off-season, doesn't recall Williams all that fondly: "Some-

where along the line he stung everybody. I remember him telling me after I popped up with a runner on third and less than two out, 'That's not the first time you've done that, Parrish.' I was feeling bad enough as it was. I know from the work on my ranch that when you use the hot-shot [cattle prod], some bulls will go right into the pen. Others will just lay down and sulk. Others will turn on you. People are like that, too."

At one point this season Williams even got down on Andre Dawson, who is only the best centerfielder in baseball. Dawson, whose word is as good as his stats (.323, 22 homers, 55 RBIs), had told a reporter, "The whole team is in a slump, from the manager on down." Says McHale, "Dick was a throwback. His idea of solving a problem was to have two guys in a fistfight." The Montreal players say that lately Williams had become, if anything, even more withdrawn. "He would sit in his corner of the dugout, writing things in his little charts, play-

ing ticktacktoe with himself," Lee says.

Williams didn't endear himself to management by making noise about his contract, even though he was among the highest-paid managers in baseball. He had reportedly told people that the Expos wouldn't renew his contract this year even if he won. The reports early last week that Williams was headed for the New York Yankees had nothing to do with McHale's decision. "But they confirmed it," McHale says.

Williams was also wrongly criticized for sticking with Parrish and Second Baseman Rodney Scott. Parrish carried the team in the second half of 1979 and seems to be breaking out of a slump that had plagued him all this year. Scott, whom Williams hailed as the most valuable .224 hitter in baseball last year, is the most valuable .204 hitter this year. "The little guy has karma," Lee says.

But the real reason Williams was wearing golf shoes "and sipping Scotch" was that the Expos have played *continued*



Fanning, who hasn't worn a uniform in 18 years, had to be given a lesson in tying his baseball shoes.

flat and uninspired baseball. They've done so despite Dawson's magnificent season. Tim Lincecum's undreamed-of running (69 stolen bases in 81 games), Gary Carter's 56 runs batted in and better pitching than they had last year. Last week the Expos were treading water with the Mets and Cubs, of all people, and unable to catch the Cardinals, who were on a five-game losing streak. "I would've thought we'd be seven or eight games up by now," says Freyman.

McHale made a change after the Expos lost three of four to the Astros. "I felt we had no choice. We just weren't going to win with Dick. It's tough to motivate a club after five years," McHale said. The rumors had been in the air for weeks, and the supposed successors were Coach Steve Boros, Denver Manager Felipe Alou, Broadcaster Duke Snider, former Manager and General Manager Charlie Fox and the equally unlikely Youppi, the team mascot. Nobody but nobody thought of Fanning.

"It wouldn't have been fair to hire somebody for just a month," says McHale. "Besides, what this club needed was a custodian, not an advocate."

As a player Fanning had such an undistinguished career that the first edition of *The Baseball Encyclopedia* listed him as Bill Fanning; his full name is William James Fanning, even though he says nobody in baseball ever called him Bill. Between 1954 and 1957 he spent a little time with the Cubs, backing up Garagiola, and Walker Cooper and Clyde McCullough, who were then themselves backups. He was a player-coach in the Cubs' system after that, and then a manager, but after his Dallas team finished last in 1960 he knew he was out of a job. So he went to the winter meetings, hooked up with McHale, then a Milwaukee Braves executive, and got the managing job at Eau Claire. He moved into the Milwaukee front office after a few years. In 1966 McHale briefly considered him as a replacement for Braves Manager Bobby Bragan. In 1967 Paul Richards,



Chairman Lee: "We're tumbling over and down the river of despair."

who took over for McHale as Braves general manager, also talked to him about managing. Fanning actually agreed to be a coach after the '67 season, but then changed his mind when he took the job of starting the Major League Central Scouting Bureau. After a year McHale, who had joined the Expos in 1968, named him Montreal general manager.

Fanning, who looks sort of like a distinguished prize, is a very pleasant and amiable man and has a master's degree in physical education from the University of Illinois. "As nice as he is, he can be very tough," says McHale. "One spring in West Palm Beach, we were coming out of a restaurant on Worth Avenue when four guys started being very abusive to us. Clint Courtney and Jim started getting into it with them—it was like one of those TV fights, with guys flying over cars. They gave those four more than they could handle."

Fanning's career as the Montreal

general manager was marred by the trade of stars Ken Singleton and Mike Torrey to the Baltimore Orioles for a washed-up Dave McNally, Bill Kirkpatrick and Rich Coggins. Shortly thereafter, by mutual agreement, he became VP for player development. Dawson, Cronan, Carrer, Parrish, Rames and four of the Expos' top five starting pitchers came up through his system. One year Fanning participated in the Expos' Instructional League as a coach. Three years ago he managed Montreal's St. Petersburg club for a week. Little did he know the experience would come in handy.

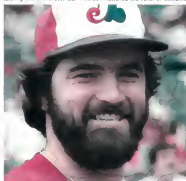
When he got McHale's call on Sept. 7 Fanning, too, was surprised, but he accepted without hesitation. Williams also handled the news with class, saying, "The team could go all the way this year. I'm only disappointed I won't be there," McHale said. "Dick was much easier on us than we were on him. I hate to do that to a guy. I prefer the Japanese way. When a manager knows his days are numbered over there, he just stops showing up at the ball park."

Fanning flew into Philadelphia on Tuesday morning and met with the press at 12:30. He talked with his coaches at 1:15. Besides not knowing whether to face his shoes above or below the flap, he didn't have a numbered uniform. "I did remember how to put a jockstrap on," he said. He met with the players en masse for 10 minutes. "I told them they had 27 tough and difficult days ahead, and that we could get through it by working together, playing hard and trying to win every game by hustling. It wasn't so much a pep talk as a statement of fact." A rain delay enabled him to talk to most of the players one-on-one. Then the Expos went out and stunk up Veterans Stadium. Fanning used 19 players, some of whose numbers seemed to indicate they had escaped from the Montreal Alouettes' offensive line.

On Wednesday night Fanning all but cleared his bench again, using 18 Expos. "He

continued

Sparing use of Reliever Jeff Reardon hastened the relief of Williams



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just needed to get his feet on the ground," says McHale. "He wanted to know his best lineup, and he just became terribly involved." The "terribly" was an unfortunate choice of words. In the eighth inning Wednesday, Fanning had Parrish bunting with two strikes, and Parrish fouled the ball off for a third strike. In the eighth, he kept the infield in when perhaps he shouldn't have, and the Phillies got an important single out of it. He also had Charlie Lea, who had a tender elbow, up and throwing in the bullpen several times before he was brought in. Lea gave up a three-run homer.

But Fanning patiently explained each of his moves to the press and to the players involved. "Dack would never have done that," said Parrish. Fanning doesn't quite know where to sit and stand in the dugout, and he can often be seen talking to the hitters in the on-deck circle. "Just like in the Instructional League," Dawson says. "I think it's kind of refreshing having a manager who tries to communicate with you," Rogers says.

When the team was boarding the flight to Chicago that night, Fanning asked someone, "First seat, right?" Before Friday's game, he held another clubhouse meeting, just to go over the Cubs. In four days he had held two more clubhouse meetings than anyone could remember Williams' holding in five years.

The Expos quickly fell behind 5-0 on Friday, and going into the eighth, they trailed 6-2. They scored twice in the



Gary Carter bobbled the ball, and Cub Jerry Morales scored to keep the Expos sliding in Chicago.

eighth and would have got more had Dawson not hit into a bases-loaded double play with none out. In the meantime Fanning antsy strolled the dugout, at one point going out on the field to retrieve a ball that had strayed from the bullpen. Managers are not supposed to do that. In the ninth the Expos snatched defeat from the jaws of victory. With runners on first and third and no one out, Cromartie struck out against Willie Hernandez. On a 3-2 count the next batter, Rames, swung and missed while Wallace Johnson was running. Johnson was

thrown out by Jody Davis to end the game. If you've never heard of Wallace Johnson (No. 62), you've probably never heard of Bryn Smith (No. 66) either. He pitched two very good innings. Fanning employed 21 players and gave Jerry Manuel his first start, at second base, since April 29 and Jerry White his first start, in right, since June 4, benching Scott and Cromartie, neither of whom took it very well.

"You could write a short story about that game," said Fanning.

There was much griping and snickering among the players about Fanning's gung-hoism and tactics. But Dawson said, "You can't blame the man for trying." Said Fryman, "The club was dead-ass until he started using all these players." Rogers said, "If we had won those games, everybody would be saying, 'He's really into the game.' When he loses, we'll be saying, 'Why doesn't he sit down?' Winning takes care of a lot of problems."

There were few problems on Saturday, when the Expos won 2-0. Rogers pitched valiantly until he aggravated his rib injury batting in the seventh. Fryman held the fort for one inning, and Reardon came on to throw his fastball for his fourth save as an Expo. On Sunday, Montreal had it easy, winning 10-6 on three RBIs apiece by Dawson and Parrish, to remain 2½ games behind St. Louis. There was no snickering when Fanning came around to pat his players on the back. Having conquered his shoelaces, he now has only a pennant race to worry about.



Oh those Expos! John Miler deftly puts the tag on Jean Dejeux, but the pick-off throw is way off

Make no mistake. The real issue in the conflict between the NCAA and its 61 rebellious Division I-A football schools—collectively known as the College Football Association—was never over which of the TV networks would be allowed to heap millions of dollars on the big-time football powers. Sure, it may have seemed that way, what with all those reports that the NCAA had struck a \$263.5 million, four-year deal with ABC and CBS and that the CFA had worked out a conflicting \$180 million, four-year arrangement with NBC. But those were mere diversionary tactics; in fact, neither side had finalized a television contract. What the two outfits were really arguing about was whether there would be a reorganization of the NCAA that would give the big-time schools firm control of big-time football.

Well, for all practical purposes the battle has ended, and to determine who won, one needs only to know that two weeks ago the NCAA put in a rush order for a special convention of all 907 of the association's members in December to consider, you guessed it, reorganization.

And the NCAA Council has endorsed what Executive Director Walter Byers, himself a longtime advocate of reorganization, calls a "well-thought-out" plan that presumably will sift from Division I-A (currently composed of 137 schools) those institutions that don't have any philosophical or fiscal business playing Big Football—at big expense and for big bucks. At the same time, the new scheme will make Division I-AA, which would grow from 90 schools to about 90, a bigger and better place to play. In other words, the arrangement will bring compatibility and a measure of ballot-box consistency to the divisions. And a new harmony all around. One hopes.

Byers is the first to admit that the plan isn't new; it's the same old NCAA 1978 reorganization scheme stripped of the

provisions, notably the so-called Ivy Amendment, that thwarted its passage three years ago. After the smoke had cleared from the '78 convention, the Penn State and Ohio State and Louisiana State lions were still lying down with the Appalachian State lambs. And hating it. There's nothing wrong with Appalachian State's having a stadium that seats 18,500 and drawing an average of 14,192 spectators a game, as it did in 1980, but the figures reflect all too clearly what amounts to a modest commitment to football. Compared with, say, Penn State with its 83,770-seat stadium and \$9 million athletic budget, Appalachian State is a lighted match next to a forest fire.

The issue isn't whether Penn State's or Appalachian State's approach to football is better; there are arguments in favor of both. The issue is control. "Too many of the matters that affect us are voted on by people who have no empathy for us," says Joe Paterno, Penn State's football coach and athletic director. Indeed, as the workings of the NCAA stand now, Penn State and Appalachian State have the same voice, despite the great disparity in the size of their football programs, in how the sport is conducted at its topmost level and how the TV loot is divided up.

It was out of frustration with this system and the failure of the drive to reorganize the NCAA in the late '70s that



College football's big boys were ripping mad before the rest of the NCAA saw the light

the CFA, as a group within a group, was born. But the association made little headway toward getting the NCAA to redress CFA grievances until July of this year, when NBC-TV offered its contract to televise CFA games beginning in 1982.

Despite threats of punitive action by the NCAA, which contended that the CFA was about to act in violation of the NCAA constitution, not to mention about to undermine the NCAA's deal with ABC/CBS by drawing off 61 of the 81 really big football schools to play on another network, the CFA membership voted to accept the NBC contract on Aug. 21. But final approval was postponed, ostensibly to give CFA schools a chance to weigh the merits of the two

TV deals, but effectively to give the NCAA an opportunity to ponder the consequences of an all-out, blood-guts-and-lawyers confrontation.

Three CFA conferences, the Big Eight, WAC and ACC, then called for a special session of the NCAA to implement reorganization immediately. And to cover the CFA's flanks, one member, Texas, filed a class-action suit in state court in Austin, and two others, Georgia and Oklahoma, filed a similar action in U.S. District Court in Oklahoma City. Each suit called for a ruling that the individual schools, not the NCAA, hold the property rights to football games and, therefore, may sell those games to TV. In each court the plaintiffs also asked for

a temporary restraining order to prevent the NCAA from taking punitive measures against the CFA members who went through with the NBC deal.

The NCAA quickly quit harrumphing and threatening and got busy. On Sept. 2 Byers wrote to a select number of NCAA leaders. He urged the calling of a special convention and the necessity of a reorganization, and stated his belief that "football television policies should be determined by the institutions who conduct intercollegiate football programs." In other words, that Division I-A football schools alone should have the say on I-A football contracts—within the NCAA framework, of course. NCAA President Jim Frank then called a meeting of the

TO-DO OVER WHAT TO DO

When the rebellious CFA signed a deal with NBC that could have torn apart college sports, the NCAA stopped digging in its heels and sought a solution

by JOHN UNDERWOOD



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL RAMEY

NCAA governance committee, which he chairs, to begin the formal procedure to implement Byers' suggestions.

The 22-member NCAA Council, a ruling body that has always been a bone in the throat of the Big Football schools, because it seems to be made up mostly of guys from Pomona-Pitzer and Southwest Missouri State, voted by conference call to approve the governance committee's recommendations: 1) to hold the emergency convention, 2) to sponsor the reorganization proposals and 3) to seek a restructuring of television jurisdictional rights by division.

According to the reorganization plan, a school would qualify for I-A based on several considerations, including the size of its stadium—minimum capacity: 30,000 seats—or its average home attendance over four seasons—minimum: 17,000. Other options would permit a school to be I-A if its four-year attendance average, home and away, was 20,000 or more, or if it belonged to a conference in which more than 50% of the members qualified for I-A. The plan pointedly excludes the Ivy Amendment,

continued

which provided I-A status to any school that participated in 12 intercollegiate sports, regardless of the scope of its football program.

Based on current attendance patterns, under the new plan I-A could be reduced to 97 teams by 1984. Five conferences would likely be reclassified I-AA in the process: the Missouri Valley, the Mid-American, the Southern, Southland and Pacific Coast. The Ivy League probably would drop down, too—a move, says one NCAA source, the Ivies are “leaning” toward anyway.

According to the convention format, 150 I-A votes (representing 137 schools and 13 conferences) will decide the issue in December. The first question to be answered, then, is why should the CFA, with only 61 members and a residue of skepticism from past setbacks, expect a positive result now? “Whenever they [the Division I-A schools] vote,” says Alabama’s Bear Bryant, “we [the CFA] lose.” The special session is “encouraging,” says CFA Executive Director Chuck Neinas, “but reorganization has come up three times and never made

it.” How, indeed, can the CFA hope for the 76 votes needed to pass the plan when most of the schools in the Big Ten and Pac-10 conferences voted for the Ivy Amendment in 1978, chose not to join the CFA then and, in fact, still side against it?

The answer: NCAA officials have had their ears to the ground, and they say reorganization is now a shoe-in. “Both the Big Ten and the Pac-10 will go for it almost 100%,” says NCAA Public Relations Director Dave Cawood. Says Big Ten Commissioner Wayne Duke, “We’re committed to reorganization.”

Paterno, the most prominent voice among CFA coaches, says there is now a growing “sentiment” to wait for the December vote before taking final action on the CFA contract. The need for reorganization, he says, supersedes the need to sign a television contract before this or that network’s deadline. And the reorganization figures to brighten the TV picture all across Division I-A, because it would allow for a more uniform distribution of television money to schools that dare to compete at the highest level—and at the greatest expense.

A fallacy that has had a long, unchallenged life is that TV contracts save the day for everyone. They don’t. Oh, they’re dandy for the Notre Dames and Oklahomas, who get big television bucks that they can shovel back into their programs. But what about schools that rare-

ly appear on TV or compete in conferences that spread the television money around—but don’t get many TV checks to spread around? They’re actually worse off because of the NCAA’s network contracts; if they intend to remain competitive, they have to match the big TV revenues of the Notre Dames and Oklahomas by coming up with money from other sources. That’s never easy.

The single most compelling feature of the NBC deal with the CFA is that it guarantees every one of the 61 schools \$1 million over a four-year period. Conceivably, the \$263.5 million ABC/CBS package could, after reorganization, result in a similar redistribution plan that would be worth even more for the 97 members of I-A. And that kind of “financial relief,” says Paterno, would allow everybody “to compete and recruit without having to cheat.”

But why should NBC agree to wait for the NCAA vote? It doesn’t owe the NCAA anything. It has, in fact, less than the best of feelings for the NCAA—a “pathological hatred for us, actually,” says one NCAA leader. That leader portrays NBC executives as guys in motorcycle boots with grease in their hair who have “tried to stampee the CFA into a decision on a contract that has more flaws in it than a \$10 diamond—including the fact that it’s pretty tough to play Saturday night games in stadiums that don’t have lights.” The NBC “hatred,” he says, stems from its being outbid by CBS on the NCAA basketball tournament and by CBS and ABC on the NCAA football package. So, in addition to grease in their hair, NBC officials presumably have egg on their faces. Why, then, should they do the NCAA a favor and wait?

Simply because it’s good business to do so. If NBC goes along with the CFA now and reorganization once more goes down the tubes, the network could easily have an open dance card in December and 61 (or even 81, counting the Big Ten and Pac-10 members) angry football schools ready to wait into its arms. As Paterno says, “We want to stay in the NCAA and if an open dialogue leads to a restructuring that is responsive to our legitimate needs, it’ll be a big step forward. But if we’re led down the garden path one more time, it may be the last time.”

Conversely, why should ABC/CBS wait? Same reason. They have a contract with the NCAA, awaiting only Byers’

continued



The Ivy Amendment, allowing multisport colleges to stay in I-A, is on the way out



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finalizing signature. But even so, the terms are based on the NCAA's ability to deliver much more than just the Big Ten and Pac-10 games. A CFA bust-out in December would mean the ABC/CBS contract would collapse under its own weight (for lack of it) and have to be rewritten or scotched. There's just no percentage in a rush to judgment.

To understand, however, why the situation is so tense and why so many voices on both sides speak in guarded tones and in much less than absolute terms, one must be able to grasp what the NCAA is, essentially.

It is not a central office in Mission, Kansas dictating moves and decisions.

It is a big, brawling, proud, sensitive, testy, talented family of prodigies and prodigals. Like all big families, it's loaded with factions. But it's still committed to being family, and at a time when all its members are feeling a financial pinch, they realize the need for commitment to the family. In all discussions about the rift, CFA spokesmen consistently say, "We still want to be in the NCAA."

The reason the CFA went to court, Neimas says, is not because it advocates "no controls" over college football on TV, as some NCAA leaders would have the public believe. And not because the CFA would permit Notre Dame, say, to beam its games indiscriminately around the country on cable TV. The suit is intended only to establish who owns the property rights to college football games, and the temporary restraining order was filed, says Neimas, "to keep the NCAA from having that threat [of punitive action] hanging over our heads."

The most popular misconception of what the rift is all about, however, is the one that depicts the 61 CFA schools as a madcap group seeking to turn back the clock on restrictions and let the coaches run their football factories at full capacity. Not even Byers believes that.

Closer to the truth is the view that the rift has provoked unprecedented interest in athletic issues on the part of college presidents and academic leaders. They suddenly are making their presence felt, "being more involved than ever, and that's good," says Paterno. With the recent sad history of criminal acts and shameful academic abuses connected directly to big-time athletic programs and with inflation eating away at revenues, it's likely that tighter controls will be part of the restructuring. Don't look for a re-



Restructuring will probably mean that 40 schools now in NCAA I-A will be tilted into I-AA

turn to 120-man squads and 15-man coaching staffs. Or for lower standards.

The CFA's posture, in fact, has been quite the opposite. It has advocated stricter recruiting rules and stricter academic requirements. The membership has supported a revision of the 1975 NCAA decision that lowered minimum entrance standards to a 2.0 grade-point average. Since then, athletic programs have had to cope with a steady stream of scholastic misfits. The CFA has lobbied for a tougher minimum. Its recommendation and support resulted in a "normal [academic] progress" rule being established for the first time last year.

But over the years the CFA's interests within the NCAA have consistently run afoul of the voting blocs consisting of those whose budgets were so firm that they felt the need to impose absurd prohibitions on the rest of the brotherhood: no blazers issued to members of the traveling squad; laundry money, etc., etc. Confused and confusing rules on recruiting—the ever-changing number of allowable visits, and who could do the visiting, and when, etc., etc.—have made

that part of the business even more of a swamp than it already was.

Scream all the CFA might, it did no good. "We got no real attention until the TV contract came up," says Dr. Fred Davison, president of the University of Georgia and chairman of the board of the CFA. "And when we realized how little control we had over some matters, such as property rights, it made us all begin to think about how these things hurt us financially. We have to have more of a say, because Byers isn't going to come down here and bail us out if we fail."

Reorganization will not change everything, of course, but it will "help put priorities in order," Paterno says. And it will allow those most heavily involved to get a better grip on the financial structuring of their sport, instead of being manipulated by it all the time. A congestion has grown in the chest of the NCAA and caused it to emit some noises that sound suspiciously like a death rattle. Reorganization could break that congestion loose. It might happen. It should happen. If it doesn't happen, what will break loose is all hell.

END



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The best woman sprinter in the world is a sylph named Evelyn Ashford, who has come to maturity and greatness after enduring a season of despair

by SARAH PILEGGI

Her face is as pretty as a child's. The bone structure that supports her 115 pounds is delicate to the point of fragility. Her public demeanor is what used to be called ladylike. She is graceful, gentle, modest and soft-spoken. Even when she runs, no unseemly haste is apparent in her movements. She appears less to run than to flow fast. The ferocious intensity shows only in the results. Evelyn Ashford was the first woman to run both the 100 meters in less than 11 seconds (an American-record 10.90) and the 200 in less than 22 seconds (an American-record 21.83). In 1979, at World Cup II in Montreal, she beat the East German world-record holders in the 100 and 200. And two weeks ago at World Cup III in Rome she won the same two events and was the meet's only double winner.

Although Ashford is now the preeminent woman sprinter in the world, her ascension has not been a smooth one. In 1980, having taken more than a year off from her studies at UCLA and with months of heavy stamina and weight training behind her, Ashford was ready for the Moscow Olympics, ready to win one, two, maybe even three or four gold medals, ready to be the first American woman sprinter since the days of Wilma Rudolph, Edith McGuire and Wyomia Tyus to climb to the top step of the victory stand and ever after be an inspiration to young athletes, just as Rudolph and Tyus had been to her. Afterward, according to the script, she might think of retiring, of going back to school, having

continued



THE LADY VANQUISHES

babies, owning a dress shop someday and never again experiencing the pressure of competing at the world-class level.

But that script was shelved. Because of the intensity of her concentration, Ashford was among the last to accept that there would be no Olympics for the U.S. in 1980. She refused to believe it. When the fact finally became inescapable, her world came tumbling around

and that was the end of her Olympic year. The devastation was complete. Shock gave way to depression. She cried "every 15 minutes," according to her husband, Ray Washington.

In August, Evelyn and Ray decided to drive from Los Angeles to Detroit, Ray's hometown, for a family reunion, and then on to Miami to see Evelyn's parents. As they crossed the country, Evelyn

thought about the past and the future, goals and disappointments, and where she was going next. "While we were driving I was thinking, 'Maybe it was supposed to happen like this, maybe it was fate.' I thought about quitting and not running again."

"Evelyn had more to lose than most people because she had a real clear shot at winning a gold," says Pat Winslow Connolly, a former Olympic pentathlete, second wife of Harold Connolly, the 1956 Olympic hammer-throw champion, and Ashford's coach at UCLA and since. "It wasn't like the average person who was just hoping to make the team. Evelyn had a chance to do more than Edwin Moses, more than [Renaudo] Nehemiah. She had a chance at two gold medals for sure, and two more in the relays if things went well. So it was just all the more devastating."

By last September, though, when Evelyn and Ray returned to Los Angeles, she was ready to start over, but this time with a different focus. She would run again, but never again would she give over her whole life to running. She would go back to school, but not to UCLA, where she had been a vaguely dissatisfied sociology major. Rather she would go to Cal State-Los Angeles on the other side of town, where she could try her hand at the subjects that really interested her—design and textiles. She would approach each year as it arrived. She would think about the 1984 Olympics in 1984. Never again would her physical and mental well-being depend on the whim of a politician or anyone else.

"We decided, Pat, Ray and me, that

we would go ahead and train for this year to see what would happen. We decided we might as well, we had nothing else to do. Not because I had any love for the sport at that time. At that time I still didn't care about anything. I guess it took me about two months to really start feeling something again, to feel alive again."

The first meet of the 1981 indoor season for Ashford was the Albuquerque Invitational. When she arrived at the Albuquerque airport, her starting time was only an hour away and no one was there to meet her. Her only thoughts were of getting to Tingley Coliseum. Once there she ran the fastest 60-yard dash of her life, a 6.65, which broke Chandra Cheeseborough's two-year-old world indoor record.

"That was when I started thinking, 'Wow, maybe I do want to do this.' From then on I started getting enthusiastic."

Albuquerque was also the meet at which Ashford introduced "the suit", three ounces of a body-hugging Lycra-polyurethane blend made by Descente, the Japanese company that makes racing suits for speed skaters, among them Eric Heiden. In fact it was while Evelyn and Pat Connolly were admiring Heiden in his sleek golden getup on television during the Lake Placid Olympics that the idea for the suit first occurred.

"Pat said, 'That suit looks like it's fast. I think you should try to get one,'" Evelyn recalls. "I said, 'Pat, I'll never wear that thing. There's no way in the world.'"

But fate intervened, and Ashford had second thoughts. In Japan in the spring of 1980 she met a Descente representative and wondered aloud whether the company might make a suit for running. The company did, two of them, one red and one black, both long-sleeved and long-legged. Though Evelyn Ashford may be shy, she isn't a prude and she is distinctly stylish. She likes to design and makes her own clothes when she has time. Evelyn tried out her new black suit at a party in Santa Monica in December. She added boots and gold chains and a belt ("You know, the disco look"), and when it proved a smashing success, she decided to wear it at an indoor meet. As she says, "The rest is history."

"It's not really tight, it's snug," she says. "It moves when I move. I can feel the wind go by when I run. It feels good. It feels fast."

Descente is delighted at the stir its de-



Ashford has strong, steady support from her husband Ray.

her ears. She had endured more than a year of total dedication, of training twice a day, of lifting weights three nights a week, of worrying about how to pay a parking ticket—not to mention the rent—without having her spirit denied, but the boycott broke her. "I guess the best way to describe it was I felt as if my soul was ripped out of me," she says.

She continued to train, listlessly, for a while. She went to three meets in Japan just to have something to do. But in May, while running the 100 in the Pepsi meet at UCLA, she pulled her right hamstring

sign has caused but is undecided as yet just what to do about it. The company estimates that the suit would cost at least \$300 in the U.S. In the meantime, however, Descotte made sleeveless summer models for Evelyn in tan, blue, purple and rust.

Evelyn is the oldest of the five children of Vienta and Samuel Ashford, an Air Force senior master sergeant. She was born in Shreveport, La., one of her father's many posts, she claims never to have counted all the places she has lived. Okinawa and Morocco stand out in her memory, but the various Stateside homes tend to blur. It was while Samuel Ashford was in Vietnam that Evelyn, then 13 and living in Athens, Ala., did her first running. "I wasn't good at ball games, at throwing things," she says, "but I was pretty flexible and I could run. I could hit the ball to the pitcher and beat the ball to first base. I could always do that. My PE teacher noticed I could run, so she started a track team. She didn't know anything about coaching or training anybody, so we didn't train. We'd just go to the meet and run. When you're young you never get tired. It feels good all the time."

The following year, 1972, brought still another move, and Evelyn didn't run again until she was a senior at Roseville High near Sacramento in 1975. Again a PE teacher noticed her speed. This one directed her to the boys' track team, there being none for girls, and she became one of California's best high school sprinters. She ran the 100-yard dash in a hand-bellied 10.3, and that was good enough to get her a scholarship to UCLA.

Ashford's freshman year on the Westwood campus was also Pat Connolly's, first year as head coach of the women's varsity track team. Earlier, in 1972-73, as an unpaid volunteer with a budget of \$300, she had put together a women's club team, but the next year she quit to get divorced and reorganize her life. Two years later Connolly was asked to return. By then she was remarried, to Harold Connolly, and had a son, Adam, who was five months old.

"I didn't know any of the girls, although I'd heard of a couple of them," says Connolly. "So I made everybody try out doing everything. I didn't even notice Evelyn. She was little [she is 5'5"] and shy, a freshman. I had them run 100 yards for time. I was standing on the grass

over there and she started to run down the track in her flims. I looked at her and I thought, 'Oh boy, here's a runner.' Then I looked at my watch and I didn't believe the time [10.8]. I apologized. I said, 'I think I messed up your time. Would you mind running it once more for me?' and she did. And it was the same time. She was sensational, raw, all by herself, no formal coaching or anything."

Because Connolly, a strapping blue-eyed blonde of 38, had been to three Olympics herself, first as an 800-meter runner (Once, years later on an airplane, Connolly sat next to Gavril Korobkov, the famous Soviet coach. He said to her, "You know we thought it was very fun-

ough, the two favorites from Tennessee State. In Montreal she gained the final of her event, in which she finished fifth.

"She came back after Montreal with her eyes opened," says Connolly. "I think she was hungry, and I played on that."

The next year, 1977, Ashford won the sprint "double double"—the 100 and the 200—in both the collegiate and the AAU championships, and from that point on she and Connolly aimed for Moscow in 1980.

After the 1978 season, Connolly and UCLA parted company, temporarily, she thought. But as it worked out, the separation was permanent. Pat was now free—when, that is, she wasn't seeing af-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERZ ALUEMEIER



At the National Sports Festival in Syracuse in July, Ashford cleaned up in the 100 meter dash.

ny the Americans should send a discus thrower to run the 800 meters") and later is a pentathlete, she was Olympic-oriented. And because 1976 was an Olympic year, she aimed her team in the direction of the Olympic Trials instead of the intercollegiate championships, to the consternation of some people in the UCLA athletic department. Six members of her team made it to the Trials and two—Ashford and Karin Smith, the javelin thrower—made the Olympic team. Ashford qualified third in the 100 behind Brenda Morehead and Cheesebor-

ter the seven children she and Harold had accumulated in their various marriages—to concentrate on Ashford and the Moscow Olympics. She had observed that many track champions, not just sprinters, seemed to produce their best marks in the year that followed a year of exceptionally hard training. With that in mind, she persuaded Evelyn to drop out of school in January 1979 and undertake a doubled training load. "I told her, 'I don't know how you're going to perform this year, but you've got to take the risk so that 1980 will be easy, just as a mat-

continued

ter of keeping fresh and sharp."

As it happened, the 1979 season turned out very well, culminating in the World Cup II victories over Marlies Göhr and Marita Koch, the East German world-record holders in the 100 (10.88) and 200 (21.71), respectively. The difference: eight months of mornings at UCLA's Drake Stadium track; afternoons over the hills and on the beaches of Santa Monica and Venice, running on the sand and in the water; and evenings in a variety of gyms and health clubs.

This summer the training methods were the same but the goal different. "I just want to run as fast as I can this year," said Ashford in July. "I know if I do that, I'll have the world record, I'm really thinking about the 100 because I know if my time comes down in the 100, the 200's automatically going to follow. Maybe the 400, too. I don't know."

But I feel good now. My times this year have been consistently where I want them."

Ray and Evelyn were having lunch at a Hamburger Hamlet in Westwood Village before leaving for Europe and the meets preceding the World Cup. As Evelyn spoke, Ray, who was an art major at Cal State-L.A., was creating with the materials at hand. "This is a messy hamburger," he observed. "I keep trying to decorate it and it keeps moving."

"I don't think the world record will happen at the World Cup," Evelyn said. "Because of all the pressure. It will probably happen before. The World Cup isn't the ideal condition."

Ray looked up from his work on the hamburger. "Well, if it did happen at the World Cup, what would you do?"

"I'd be delicious," she said.

"I suppose you'd say, 'It wasn't supposed to happen here,'" he teased.

Evelyn rolled her eyes and ignored him. "I hate to say I want to run a world record because I think it will jinx me," she said. "People will expect it, and it won't come, and then people will say, 'She doesn't know what she's talking about.'"

As it turned out, she didn't set any records either before World Cup III or in winning both the 100 and 200 in Rome.

And at dinner after the meet she was subdued despite her triumph. "I wanted a world record this season," she said. A fellow runner who knows her well believes she won't be satisfied with herself until she accomplishes one or both of two goals, an Olympic gold medal or a world record.

Ashford isn't a glib conversationalist and she considers carefully what few things she says. Her answers to questions are often delivered in sections with lengthy pauses between them, as if she is hoping nobody will notice that she has stopped talking. The questioner who isn't willing to wait will never find out what she has on her mind, because if the questioner doesn't pursue the subject, the chances are neither will Evelyn. On one subject, however, Ashford is downright voluble.



When Connolly first clocked Ashford, she couldn't believe her time

"Drugs. It's the thing to do right now," she says. "I've heard people say that's why I run so fast. 'She must be on drugs, she must be on steroids.' People really believe that in order to do well you have to be taking something. And I don't understand that. I really don't. Damn! It does make you mad. American women athletes are so psyched out about what the East Germans are doing, what the Russians are doing. You hear it all the time: 'They're all on steroids, they're all on drugs.' I think that's a lot of crap. That's just those people's excuse for not running well. It's a copout. You don't know what you can do, and with drugs you'll

never find out. I believe in women, I believe in myself, I believe in my body. I believe I can run faster not using drugs than people using drugs because that's the way I was put here."

Pointing to her head, she continues, "I fully believe it's here, this is where it is, and I proved that to myself in 1979. I told myself I wanted to do it and I was willing to work for it—and it came about."

Connolly, who came to coaching from the pentathlon, where steroids were in use long before they reached the sprints, feels the same way. She reached a point in her own athletic career when she had to decide whether to take steroids to remain competitive. She chose to retire.

"Coaches say to young, impressionable girls, this is what you need if you want to do what you want to do," Connolly says. "A woman taking steroids is a freak. She grows hair, she stops menstruating, et cetera. What we, Evelyn and I, want to prove is that a normal, natural woman who isn't a freak can be the best. Evelyn has to win. My daughter, who is three, is going to be big. She's already twice the size of the other children her age. Obviously she's going to be an athlete of some kind. For my daughter's sake, Evelyn has to win."

The burden of responsibility Evelyn Ashford has chosen to carry is extraordinary, but she has made herself equal to it. The story of her determination can be read in the muscles of her thighs, her buttocks and her back.

She is justifiably proud of those muscles. They are spectacular-looking enough that recently she was asked to pose for the cover of a bodybuilding magazine, an honor she declined. "I don't want to be around people who even look at drugs," she says. More important, however, is the fact that those muscles are the product of her own hard work, nothing else. Whatever happens now—however fast she runs and however many world records or gold medals she accumulates—she intends to explore her talents fully. And that, after all, is an athlete's true reward.

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Is that a major league pitcher out there? Couldn't be. Pitchers are supposed to be cranked up and smoking. Houston's Bob Knepper pitches as if he were home relaxing with his foreign-com collection, Mario Lanza records and historical biographies. Knepper walks to and from the mound slowly, wastes little time between pitches, and his motion is so long and languid, he looks like a flycaster. The closest Knepper comes to tightening is when, almost imperceptibly, he punches the air after giving up a base hit, which hasn't been often so far this year.

Knepper's 8-3 record, his 1.75 earned run average and five shutouts put him among the league leaders and have helped the Astros to the second-season lead in the National League West. "He's confident and relaxed," says Houston Pitching Coach Mel Wright, "and that's the key to pitching."

During Knepper's last two seasons, spent as a San Francisco Giant, he was decidedly neither of the above. After a promising 11-9 year in 1977 and a 17-11 record (with a league-leading six shutouts) in 1978, he slipped to 9-12 in 1979 and 9-16 in 1980. Knepper's problems with his Giant teammates and the Bay Area press compounded both his anxiety and his pitching difficulties. "He was falling behind hitters and they were waiting for his fastball," says San Francisco Third Baseman Darrell Evans. The Astros, who badly needed a lefthanded starter, acquired him over the winter in a trade for infielder Enos Cabell.

Knepper likes everything about Houston, and his pitching shows it. In the climate-controlled (a constant 75°) Astrodome he is 7-1, a sharp improvement over his performance in cold, blustery Candlestick Park last season. All year he has stayed ahead on the count and been equally effective with his fastball and curve. "I can't believe how he's



Resurrection in Houston

Born again by the Bay, Bob Knepper has rediscovered success with the Astros

changed," a longtime Giant follower said recently. "He's so animated and upbeat now. He looks five years younger!"

More than most pitchers, Knepper has to be relaxed to be effective. "If I relax and throw the ball over the plate," he says, "they'll probably pop it up." His natural fastball is a "live" one—it jumps instead of coming in straight. It averages 85 to 90 mph but seems to explode out of his easy motion. Most pitchers throw their curves, like their fastballs, overhand; Knepper throws his between three-quarters and sidearm, consistently keeps it low, and can throw it hard or soft, breaking or dropping. He's also improv-

ing that most relaxed of all pitches, the changeup.

Knepper, 27, has always relied on good control. In fact, his average of 1.95 walks per nine innings is one of the best in the National League. By keeping the ball over the plate, too, Knepper generally keeps it in the ball park. He has thrown no wild pitches, and only four home runs—to Atlanta's Bob Horner, New York's Dave Kingman, Philadelphia's Mike Schmidt and Montreal's Larry Parrish. "With the count 3 and 1, I throw my get-me-over slow curve and dare them to hit it," Knepper says. "That's the key—don't give them free base runners."

Pitching in Atlanta on Labor Day, Knepper walked three and failed to strike out a man for the first time all year. But he allowed the Braves only four hits and left the game with the score 2-2 after seven. The Astros won 3-2 on Jose Cruz's ninth-inning homer. "Tonight was an indication of the kind of season I've been having," Knepper said. "Even when I'm off I stay out of trouble. I had terrible stuff, but I kept the ball down and moved it around." Horner hit one pitch that got away—into the leftfield stands. Unruffled, Knepper drove Horner back with three inside deliveries his next time up, the fourth was over the plate, but Horner, having lost his aggressiveness, fled to center.

Only twice in 18 starts has Knepper allowed more than three runs. He has given up 106 hits, including only 17 for extra bases, in 134 innings. "Any time a pitcher's ERA stays under 2.00 for more than 100 innings, you've got to be surprised," says former Astro Pitcher Larry Dierker, now a Houston broadcaster. "To tell you the truth, I was more surprised by Bob's losing seasons than his winning ones. I can't understand what happened."

What happened was not pleasant.

"When we finished third in 1978 [after leading the National League West for much of the season], Bob put too much

continued

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pressure on himself," says Giant Reliever Gary Lavelle, a close friend. Knepper agrees. "In 1977 and 1978 Herm Starnette was our pitching coach," he says. "He told me, 'If you don't have good stuff, you're still better than a lot of other guys, so just go out there and pitch.' When Herm left in 1979, I didn't concentrate on the hitter and thought about outside problems. I was throwing too hard." It all added up to a classic case of throwing instead of pitching.

Knepper's problems actually started late in the 1978 season. After one particularly galling loss he was quoted in the *San Francisco Examiner*: "I can't get aggressive anymore." Since Knepper had just undergone a religious experience, some people interpreted the quote to mean that born-again Christianity was sapping his pitching skills. In subsequent seasons the Bay Area press was critical of a group of Giants called "the God Squad," players who supposedly shrugged off losses as "God's will." That led to some diversion among the San Francisco players. "I've seen guys who used to be intense and are now very placid," Evans said at one point. "You wonder if guys think things are predetermined."

Knepper claims he was misunderstood. "What I think I actually said was that my faith had given me the strength to handle bad days without throwing things. That came out 'passive' in the papers. Christians aren't passive people. I don't think you'll find anywhere in the Bible that Christ gave less than 100%. You don't give any glory to God by giving 25%. I'm a firm believer in free will. It's just that if you lose, you can accept it without being crushed. We have a large group of practicing Christians on the Astros, and they've had a positive effect. Everything is not too high, not too low. That's the basic concept of the Christian life-style."

Knepper wasted no time making an impression on his new teammates. After blowing a three-run, eighth-inning lead and dropping the final game of the 1980 National League playoffs to the Phillies, the Astros won only four of their first 16 games in 1981—two of them on Knepper shutouts. The Houston pitching was spotty, the hitting worse, and the first- and second-base positions revolving doors. Cesar Cedeño was moved from center to first, then just before the strike got under way Tony Scott was acquired

from St. Louis to play centerfield. On the last day of August, Phil Garner was obtained from Pittsburgh to play second base. In the second season the Astros have been born again.

The team's most pleasant surprise, other than Knepper, is righthander Nolan Ryan, who has an 8-4 record and a league-leading 1.63 ERA. "I'd forgotten how important it is to know the hitters," says Ryan, an 11-10 pitcher in 1980 after returning to the National League from California. "I'd be in trouble and wouldn't know what to throw a guy. Dr. Gene Coleman, our director of physical conditioning, studied my performance charts and discovered that the key was my performance on 2-2 counts. I'd try to be too fine and miss, and 60% of the time batters got to 3-2, they reached base."

"Batters would foul off his 3-2 fastballs," says Coleman, "and keep doing it until they got on. He doesn't have that problem this year because he's getting his curve over on 2-2."

At 34, Ryan is still throwing a 95-mph fastball (Steve Carlton, Vida Blue and Tom Seaver are at about 90, according to Coleman). He also remains as phlegmatic as ever. Knepper, on the other hand, comes at you in a variety of ways, like his curve. He's spontaneous enough to have proposed to his wife, Terri, 10 days after their first date, meticulous enough to have mapped out a post-baseball career as an Oregon rancher, and concerned enough to speak of the problems ballplayers have finding a "middle ground" with which to relate to old friends who have been less successful.

"One of the most important things in life," he says, "is when you have a dream, to follow it through." By the time he was four, growing up in Akron, Ohio, Knepper was sure he'd be a ballplayer and later, when his family moved to tiny Calistoga, Calif., he knew he'd be a rancher. "I got a lot of support from my parents. My mother always said I would pitch for the Giants. My father took a lot of heat for letting me pass up college to play ball."

"Knepper is a cross between Tommy John and Vida Blue," Sparky Anderson, then the Cincinnati manager, said in 1978. Today, that seems an apt description both of his pitching and personality. not too high, not too low, not too fast, not too slow.

THE WEEK

(Sept. 7-13)

by HERM WEISKOPF

AL WEST "The Lord is high unto them that are of a broken heart." Willie Aikens of the Royals (15-1) said he drew strength from those words in Psalm 34:18 during his 2-for-26 slump. Aikens broke out of the doldrums with three home runs. Dennis Leonard perked up, too. Leonard beat California 5-3 in K.C. and won 4-0 in Oakland. Willie Wilson's single in the 12th gave the Royals a 6-5 Sunday victory over the A's and sole possession of first place.

Psalm 34 also says, "The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger." That was true of the White Sox (2-5), some of whom aren't young but all of whom were hungry after Manager Tony LaRocca paid an attendant \$100 to remove the possumage food from the clubhouse following a 3-1 loss in Minnesota. "It was expensive, but it was the only way to make my point," said LaRocca, who didn't explain exactly what his point was. Greg Luzinski, though, had a feast—at least of the expense of opposing pitchers—as he batted .448.

Troubles: Mike Norris of the A's (3-3) had them before facing the Rangers. First, a friend who was driving him to the park was involved in a minor accident. At Oakland Caliseum Norris, who didn't have any identification with him, had a hard time convincing the security officers to let him in. When he finally suited up, it was 15 minutes before game time. But that was the night Norris got his screwball back in working order, and he came out on top 2-1 for his 10th win. Steve McCatty also beat Texas, 3-0.

The Rangers (3-3) were two outs from a 4-3 loss to the A's when an error on a sure double-play grounder gave them a new life, they took advantage of that blunder to score six times for a 9-4 triumph. Texas, which had lost eight of its 10 previous games, then won its next two outings in California. Pat Putsman's four hits—two of them homers—and four RBIs belted an 11-6 romp over California, and then Rick Honeycutt beat the Angels 3-2 for his 10th victory.

Minnesota (6-0) pitchers, who had a 3.99 ERA for the season, had a 1.83 ERA. Doug Corbin contributed eight shutout innings of relief and had four saves. Durrell Jackson struck out nine Blue Jays in 6½ innings of a 4-0 win before getting way to Corbett. Rookie Brad Havens made it two in a row over Toronto, preventing 1-0 when Glenn Adams and Rob Wilfong doubled in the ninth.

Tom Paciorek's .458 hitting and the pitching of rookies Larry Andersen and Bob Sood-

continued

dard lifted Seattle (3-3) out of the cellar. Andersen got two saves, one as he looked up Stoddard's 3-1 triumph over the White Sox.

"This has been the most frustrating week of my career," complained California (1-5) Manager Gene Mauch. What made it a bummer was that the Angels fell into last place.

KC 16-15 OAK 15-16 MINN 16-15 TEX 34-17
CIN 13-20 SEA 13-20 CAL 13-19

AL EAST Jack Morris of first-place Detroit (4-2) was on target when he beat Boston 3-1 with a two-hitter, but when he rushed off the mound to acknowledge Rick Leach's high five he completely missed his teammate's hand. Congratulations were also in order for Dan Schatzeder, who tossed 6½ innings of one-hit relief to defeat Cleveland 6-3, and for Lance Parrish, who finished off the Indians 11-9 with a two-run homer in the 12th inning.

Rookie left-hander Bob Ojeda of the Red Sox (3-3) went into the ninth at Yankee Stadium with a no-hitter, but Rick Cerone and Dave Winfield opened the inning with pinch doubles. Mark Cleon preserved the 2-1 triumph for Ojeda, who is 5-2 and has a 2.67 ERA. Earlier in the week Ojeda had held Detroit to only one hit in 7½ innings.

Dave Righetti of New York (4-2) was another rookie left-hander who continued to excel, fanning 11 Sox in seven innings and winning 4-1 with relief from Goose Gosage. That left Righetti with a 6-2 record and a 1.59 ERA. Gary Nethles hit .500 and slugged three home runs, and Yankee pitchers kept up their fine work. During Part II the New York staff has given up only seven hits a game, struck out 199 and fanned a 2.05 ERA.

John Denay of Cleveland (2-5) and Deanis Martinez of Baltimore (3-4) also maintained their form. Denay had his string of scoreless innings broken at 34½ but struck out 10 Orioles in 7½ innings and won 4-1. Martinez earned his 12th victory, 2-1 over Milwaukee. Al Bumby hit .462 and Eddie Murray speeded his .423 average to 10 RBIs. Toronto (2-4) twice blanked Seattle, Luis Leal and Joey McLaughlin combining for a 2-0 victory and Dave Sieb winning 3-0.

Brewer President Bud Selig couldn't stand his team's shoddy play any longer. So, after the Brewers (3-4) made four errors in one inning, Selig turned off the game telecast in his private box and watched the Miami-Pittsburgh football contest.

DET 22-11 NY 19-14 MIL 20-15 DAL 18-15
BOS 17-15 CLE 17-16 TOR 15-16

NL EAST Those were not dogs barking. Those were yells of "Roof-Roof-Roof" by St. Louis fans, who were turned on by Gene Rod, a 23-year-old outfielder just up from the minors. Rod was on top of things during a 4-2 victory

over New York; he had two hits, an RBI, scored once and stole a base. That ended a five-game skid by the first-place Cardinals (3-3), who defeated the Mets 4-2 again when seldom-used Julio Gonzalez slammed a two-run homer in the 13th.

"Earlier in the year we might have found a way to lose this game," Cutcher Jody Davis said after the Cubs (4-2) hung on to defeat the Expos 6-5. Montreal trailed 5-0 after two innings but had narrowed the score to 6-5 and had men on first and third with none out in the ninth. Willie Hernandez struck out Warren Cromartie and Tim Lincecum, and Davis applied the finishing touch to a game-ending double play by gunning down Wallace Johnson on an attempted steal of second. The Cubs, last and least at the end of Part I, were third and startling. The turf in St. Louis may have been ersatz, but the Cubs were for real as they broke an 0-for-17 streak on artificial grass by sweeping three games by scores of 10-0, 4-3 and 7-3. Bobby Bonds slugged a pair of home runs as Doug Riefke breezed through the opener with a three-hitter and then hit two more in the finale.

After replacing Dick Williams as the manager of the Expos (3-3), Jim Fanning told his team there was "a pot of gold out there for the winning." Jeff Reardon went after the pot like a 49er, herding five innings of hatless relief as he earned two saves.

Neil Allen's 16th save came as the Mets (2-5) held off the Pirates 3-1, and Ray Seaver's first save came when he retired the last five Bucs in order to lock up a 5-3 triumph for Terry Lincecum, who had pitched 3½ innings of runless relief.

Philadelphia (3-3), the only Part I winner currently out of contention, finally got some solid hitting. Garry Maddox drove in nine runs, five as the Expos were shelled 10-5. Philly then battled from behind three times and defeated Montreal 11-8 on a three-run homer in the eighth by Gary Matthews.

Jason Thompson of the Pirates (4-3) batted .171 before the strike but has hit .306 in Part II. Thompson hit a two-run pinch single in the eighth on Sunday to defeat Philadelphia 3-2 and top off a spree in which he reached base 22 times in 26 at bats.

SLL 12-12 MONT 18-15 CIN 16-17
NY 15-18 PHIL 13-19 PIT 14-21

NL WEST "You have to love September," said Don Sutton of the division-leading Astros (4-2). Downplaying the pressure of the Part II pennant race, Sutton added, "I'm really having fun." Sutton's fun came at the expense of the Giants, whom he blanked 5-0. For going into the stands in Atlanta to confront fans who had viciously heckled him for two days, Cesar Cedeño was fined \$5,000 by the league.

Game-winning RBIs, which were added to game statistics last season, don't always re-

flect clutch-hitting ability. Batters can, for example, earn a game by driving in a win with an early-inning groundout in what winds up a 1-0 contest, or by punching across the first run in a 14-0 rout. Chris Chambliss of the Braves (4-2), though, had two hits that were true gamers—a two-run double in the ninth that overcame Houston 3-2, and a homer in the 11th that beat San Diego 5-4.

Steve Garvey, Davey Lopes, Bill Russell and Ron Cey have been the regular infielders for Los Angeles (3-3) since June 1973; theirs is believed to be the longest unbroken tenure ever for an infield. But age, injuries and other woes may be breaking up that old Dodger gang. Garvey, 32, is eligible to become a free agent at the end of the 1982 season, and the Dodgers may well decide not to pay him the megabucks he'll want because by then Mike Marshall—he led the league with 34 homers, 137 RBIs and a .373 average at Albuquerque this season—should be ready. Lopes, 35, is hitting only .202. Russell, 32, recently learned he has played for at least three years with a stress fracture of his right foot that will require surgery. And Cey, 33, may miss the rest of the season because of a cracked bone in his left forearm. Before Tom Lasorda can say tortellini is a la pizza, the L.A. infield may have Marshall at first, Jack Pescome at second, Steve Sax at short and Pedro Guerrero at third. And there are rumors that Cardinal Shortstop Gary Templeton may become a Dodger, too.

Johnny Bench of the Reds (4-2) continued to prove his durability. Bench, who suffered a broken ankle in May, homered twice to defeat the Padres 8-7 and the next day beat them 5-4 by swatting another round-tripper and then singling in the clinching run in the ninth. Ron Oester also came through when it counted, homering in the 10th to defeat L.A. 3-2.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

BOB HORNER: The slugging third baseman for the Atlanta Braves batted .565, walked his eighth and ninth home runs, drove around five runs and stole a base. He raised his batting average for the season 31 points to .286.

"I need a phone booth—not to call anybody, just to hide in," said Vida Blue of the Giants (1-5). Blue was blue because of a short-distance performance (three innings) in which Houston hitters had him number.

Manager Frank Howard of the Padres (2-4) may have wanted to hide, too, after three one-run setbacks. If Howard does seek refuge, it won't be in a phone booth. The word is that he may be getting the call that all managers dread—the one that says you're fired.

HOU 22-11 LA 18-14 ATL 18-14
CIN 17-15 SF 17-15 SD 10-24

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Reggie Smith (16) and fellow Falcon Alfred Jenkins are the puniest pros

The transformation starts when the ball drops out of the sky into Reggie Smith's waiting grasp. At first, Smith, the Atlanta Falcons' kick returner, makes all of the usual moves. But he doesn't have much of a stride, and suddenly, in quick bursts, the pattern changes. Like this. His feet go step, step, step. Then they go step-step-step, and then stepstepstep-stepstep into a circular blur. And as Smith accelerates, he huffs up his chest, hunches down his head and squares his shoulders with the distant goal line. To the oncoming defenders, the effect is absolutely screwy. In the few seconds before they collide with Smith, errant thoughts leap into their minds. This guy isn't really running—he's rolling at me like a red and silver bowling ball. And: Where do you grab hold of this thing?

So far, they've usually managed to stop Smith. That's fine; sudden stops are the expected fate of kick returners. But that's not what counts. Consider, if you will, the fierce sight of it: Reggie Smith is 5' 4" and 159 pounds. He's darned near square. Officially, he's the smallest of all the 1,260 players in the NFL.

At last, there is someone in the game who can stand for all us normal folks. Our Mister Metaphor. The beauty is that Smith doesn't have to be the best—the game is already full of the best things and that's—he just has to be the onlyest.

"I look at him this way," says Atlanta Coach Leeman Bennett. "Reggie isn't small; he's just short."

That explains it. In the Falcons' opening game two weeks ago, a 27-0 win over New Orleans, the first time Smith got his hands on the ball was on a first-quarter punt. He wheeled to start upfield and thwack, thwack. Manas four yards. Saints Seon Pelleur and Chuck Evans fell on him. They are 6' 2" and 6' 3", respectively, and their combined weight is 450 pounds. One might have thought that Smith's season would end right there or, at least, that he would be suitably cowed. No way. Reggie got up, looked 'em right in the kneecaps and sneered.

At the start of the second half, Smith took the kickoff on the three-yard line and started step-step-stepping along un-

til he reached the 25, where the sculptured curve of the Bermuda grass at Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium gives way to the hard-packed dirt of the baseball infield. There waited one Frank Watselet, an even six feet and 185 pounds. He determined that the best way to stop the roller was to throw himself in front of it. Other Saints piled on. All one could make out was a disorderly pile of buttocks and the backs of massive thighs and calves. Then Smith came crawling out. From the stands, one could see the principals exchanging pleasantries.

"It was just the usual greetings," Smith said later. "They all just smiled at me—that kind of wolfish smile—and they said, 'Sooner or later, we gonna bust your ass, little man.'"

That, of course, is what makes Smith's runs such shuddering fun. Little man, indeed. It's going to be that kind of year for all the Falcons, though, because collectively they are the lightest, yet assuredly not the most lightly regarded, team in the league. Last year Atlanta rolled through a 12-4 season only to lose to Dallas, 30-27, in the playoffs. This year the Falcons are 2-0 and see themselves playing in Super Bowl XVI.

In addition to the smallest, the Falcons also have the lightest NFL player—full-timer, that is; we're not counting one or two placekickers. The willowy Alfred Jenkins, All-Pro wide receiver with a team-leading 57 catches for 1,025 yards last season, comes in at a modest 5' 9"—but weighs just 155 pounds, four fewer than Reggie Smith. He also has a 28-inch waist in a world where people have wrists at least that big around.

Smith and Jenkins sparked Atlanta's spectacular comeback in Sunday's 31-17 win at Green Bay. The Falcons were trailing 17-3 in the fourth quarter when Smith returned a punt 53 yards to the Packers' two-yard line. Atlanta scored on the next play and tied the game moments later when Jenkins caught a 30-yard touchdown pass from Steve Bartkowski. For the game, Jenkins had five catches for 97 yards.

"We're like two midgets in a circus," says Smith. But Jenkins raises his

eyebrows at that "I beg your par-

"Well," says Smith, "you got to understand that there are tall midgets and there are short midgets."

"Oh, terrific," Jenkins says. "Are we gonna do our little-people jokes now? Is that it?" Smith affects a perpetual sardonic look—the sophisticate as opposed to Smith's wide-eyed, boyish appearance. Both men are neatly bearded, and both are handsome and relatively unscarred. Jenkins is 29, Smith 25. "Okasssasy, then," Jenkins says. "You want to know why Reggie Smith will never make the cover of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*?"

Smith nods brightly. "Because."

"Puh-keez!" Jenkins holds up a hand to silence his teammate. "I'll tell it. Reggie Smith will never make the cover because in the cover photograph only the top of his little hitty head and maybe his eyeballs would show up—and the rest of it would be blank space until you got to the magazine's name up at the top."

"Uh-huh," Smith says. "And what does Alfred Jenkins need so he could catch more passes and maybe become a real football hero?"

"Tell me," says Jenkins. "What do I need?"

"Elevator cleats," says Smith.

The road to survival in the NFL is rough enough. Lord knows, for the run-of-the-mill monster-vicary player, but it has been particularly rocky for these two. Both began as free agents, bats in hands, after every NFL club had, quite naturally, looked right over the tops of their heads in the draft.

Jenkins was the first to get established. At Atlanta's Morris Brown College he caught nine touchdown passes in his senior season, 1972. The following year he was signed by Houston as a walk-on and later cut. That disaster was followed by a stint in the World Football League; he was named MVP of the Birmingham Americans, who won the WFL's first and only championship, just in time for the whole team to crash, owing him about \$8,500 in salary. Life in Atlanta has been much better. After Sunday's win at Green Bay, Jenkins was the Falcons' No. 2 all-time receiver—235 passes for 4,203 yards and 27 touchdowns—and ranked second in the NFL for receptions in consecutive games. Jenkins has caught passes in the past 75 games, but, heck, his whole NFL career is only 78 games. Mel Gray of the St. Louis Cardinals is the leader with 105. But when a player

Carlyn gave birth to an even better Alfred Jenkins on Sept. 9: the day after this picture was taken

is 155 pounds and circling, he really takes a beating.

"Let's see here," Jenkins said after the New Orleans game. "I got a bandaid knot on my right leg where I was kicked. It'll swell all week. I got a had cherry on my right hip. My shoulder throbs and my stomach hurts. And my tail. Listen, I caught three passes today. After the third one, some friendly tackler said to me, 'Way to go, little guy,' and he patted me on the fanny. You know, the way that players do. Well, hell, his pat almost knocked me for five yards."

But all that is borderline-small stuff, more realistically, it is Reggie Smith's appearance as a full-fledged pro that is stunning. Now we're talking tiny. Just listen.

• "Actually, Reggie might have to stretch to make five-foot-four," says Bennett. "And the first impression upon seeing him is that he can't make it."

• "But he's got all that speed and hustle," says Eddie LeBaron, the Falcons' general manager, who isn't exactly towering himself at 5'7", and who was known as The Little General in his 11 years as a quarterback with the Redskins and Cowboys. "And Reggie Smith's got a certain charisma that heightens interest in the game. Uh, heightens interest—you get that?"

• "What I'd like is a guy who is 6'4" and weighs 250 pounds who can do all the same things that Smith does," says Jimmy Raye, the Falcons' receiver coach. "But what I got is Reggie. I admire him. It's not a little man's game, but he's got the ability and desire. In our exhibition game against Tampa Bay, he actually got lost behind the wedge and they couldn't find him." Raye pantomimes looking all around for Reggie, lifting his legs and shaking his pants cuffs. "And then, when they did find him, it was like they were trying to tackle a tree stump."

• And finally "I've adjusted to rearing up, looking down at the ground just behind the line and spotting Reggie," says the 6'4" Barikowski. "In case we need him, Smith is what you might call our fourth deputy assistant wide receiver. In fact, in a crisis, we could run a play de-



signed just for . . . He pauses to consider the wisdom of revealing the details of a play just for Smith. "But, well, just say that whenever he gets the call, he'll be ready."

He will, he will. Smith has a broad, open face, remarkably without guile, and there's no mistaking what's on . . . continued



A real mighty mite: Jenkins weighs only 155 but doesn't let 255-pounders kick him in his face



Only Smith's autograph is dug to little people

PRO FOOTBALL (Continued)

his mind. He watches every game with a sort of little-boy wishfulness, head cackled, sometimes unconsciously swaying in response to the action on the field. And if there is one move he has mastered, it is the old follow-the-coach number. He drifts ghostlike behind the pacing Bennett, positioning himself so that every time the coach turns, he catches a glimpse of Reggie Smith—that is, if he looks down. Uhh, hi there, Mister Bennett. I just happened to be in the neighborhood. Need any passes received?

"I've always, always wanted to do this," Smith says. "I've been a walk-on all my life. Listen, I didn't even start growing until I was a junior in college. I must have been all of five feet tall." This was in Durham, N.C. Smith has five sisters and one brother, and they're all little people—maybe an inch, no more, he says, between the tallest and the shortest. "And it was always the same," he says. "You've come to play football? Why, you'll get killed."

But Smith played ball, all right—kick returner and wide receiver for North Carolina Central College and by graduation in 1978 he not only hadn't been killed, but he was all-conference at both positions. That accomplishment attracted the interest of seven pro scouts—until

they actually saw Smith for real, instead of on paper. "And you know what they all told me," he says. "Ah, well."

Smith has earned not one, but two bachelor degrees, one in sociology, one in history, and after a year of grad school in guidance counseling at Indiana State he came back to Charlotte with a master plan: He would teach junior high by day and play semi-pro ball by night, for the Carolina Chargers of the American Football Association. There—at last!—an Atlanta scout spotted and signed him. But the little people in the audience shouldn't jump up and down just yet, there is more indignity to come.

"That was last year, and what I got was a free-agent trial," Smith says. "What that means is that first I had to make the 45-man roster, and then I had to make it through the first three games without being cut before I could even collect my bonus for signing." He sighs. "And it was a modest bonus." And then, after an impressive rookie start, 25 kickoff returns for a 20.5-yard average, he was injured at mid-season. It isn't true that he was stepped on, he merely slipped and fell on some wet grass, spraining his right knee.

All of which meant that Smith had to make the team all over again this year. Sever punt returns for 51 yards in pre-season play didn't hurt. Nor did four kickoff returns for 122 yards, an average of 30.5. Nor did five pass receptions for 74 yards, an average of 14.8. But still, the Falcons kept him hanging by his tiny thumbs until the final day of cuts. Big folks do that to little people a lot.

The specter of big folks also keeps little people awake in the wee hours. "We don't sleep well during the season," Jenkins says. "We're always thinking: Is this the day someone'll pop us off?"

"I don't like to play 'fair catch' the ball," Smith says. "I like to play let's run the ball. And I don't want to run around them. I want to run under them."

Jenkins shudders delicately at the thought. "But remember, my boy, when you're small, the officials can't see the awful things those guys do to you when they catch you."

"Thing is," says Smith, "that a bigger guy can take a bigger hit. Maybe the injury puts him down for a couple of games. But with us, if we get popped just the right way, we're out for the year. That's what makes this such an exciting gamble. Every game, man."

"Isn't he cute?" says Jenkins. "He's like a little teddy bear, isn't he?"

Well, perhaps just a little bit, at that. For a small man, Smith is deceptively wide—40-inch chest, 30-inch waist and 25-inch thighs. He's the strongest of the Falcon receivers, able to bench-press 265 pounds. He's a bachelor, whose only vices seem to be junk food and the TV soap *General Hospital*, and much of the time he's soberly reflective. "It's ironic, I know," he says, "but now that I've made the team, it isn't quite what I expected. I had thought all of it would be somehow more glamorous. The games are great, but keeping yourself up through the week is an enormous mental strain. I figure I'll play three more years, tops. If I'm lucky, I'll go out the way I came in, on no operations, no cuts on my body. The minute somebody goes to cut me, I'm gone."

It is after the opening game now, and fresh from the shower, Smith produces a silver spray bottle of cologne. He hizes a shot behind each ear. "When I retire, I'm going to operate a halfway house for underprivileged kids," he says. "By then I'll have my master's degree in counseling." He tugs out the front of his plum-colored shirt and blasts a burst of the cologne down across his chest. The area just around his locker starts to take on a wildly heady aroma. "It sounds okay but I particularly want to help little kids, the rants of the world. Big kids get all the attention. I want to help the little kids gain a sense of confidence."

A few lockers away, Jenkins looks urbane and worldly, as ever. He pushes his tinted glasses up on his forehead, a studied gesture. He's wearing a pair of obviously expensive brown-and-white shoes that Fred Astaire would kill for. "As for me," he says, "I'm going to take it one season at a time, as the cliché has it. I mean, look at me. Right now I feel wonderful. That's because the adrenaline of the game is still flowing. But here's what'll happen: I'll go home and take a little nap. Then I'll get up for dinner about seven o'clock. I'll pour myself a little glass of wine. And just as I raise the wineglass to my lips. Wham! The pain will strike. And it will stay with me, everything hurting, until game time next Sunday."

"Ah, but listen," says Smith. "It's the game that counts."

Jenkins looks at his little pal and nods. It sums up their philosophy: the game, the game.

"You got it, shorty," he says. **END**

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No doubt about it. If Bo Schembechler had his choice of any Big Ten team—aside from Northwestern, that is—to feed his No. 1-ranked Michigan Wolverines in their season opener last Saturday, Wisconsin would have been high at the top of the list.

Bo tried to convince his players that the Badgers were no pushover, telling them he thought Wisconsin would finish third in the Big Ten, but as everyone knows, No. 3 in the Big Ten is like No. 98 in the U.S. Why, these Badgers were even known around the state of Wisconsin as "The Bad Guys," and for good reason. In keeping with recent Wisconsin tradition—two winning seasons in the last 17—they weren't supposed to be very good.

Lowly Wisconsin, which beat Michigan last in 1962, upended the Wolverines

Doing a number on No. 1



Bo didn't think the final score was very good: Wisconsin 21, Michigan 14.

Last year Wisconsin didn't score a touchdown until its fourth game. On Saturday in Madison, against a Michigan team that hadn't yielded a touchdown in 5½ games, Wisconsin scored two touchdowns in the second quarter and the game—on a 71-yard pass play. Quarterback Jess Cole throwing to Tailback John Williams—in the third. "This win is the best thing that ever happened to me," said Coach Dave McClain, making no attempt to conceal the "thrill" of beating Schembechler, who had been his coaching mentor when McClain was an assistant at Miami of Ohio.

Two other Top 10 teams were also defeated—Nebraska losing to Iowa 10-7, and Alabama succumbing to Georgia Tech 24-21—but Wisconsin's shocker

Contributing to No. 1 fever around McClain was Flanker Neal, who scored the first Badger TD

was easily the biggest upset of the season's first full weekend. The Badgers, after all, hadn't beaten Michigan since 1962, and in their last four games, Michigan had outscored Wisconsin 176 to 0. Michigan hadn't lost an opening game on the road since 1881, at Harvard.

Certainly McClain and his players had no reason for optimism before Saturday's kickoff. In fact, McClain has been more of a morale lowerer than morale booster since he came to Wisconsin in 1977. The Badgers went 13-18-2 in his first three seasons, and after practically every loss McClain would utter this stock line: "We don't have any skilled players. We've got more unskilled players." He even called one of his players a "dodo."

Some frustrated Wisconsin players said McClain is more like a camp counselor than a football coach. McClain has fed his players cookies and milk, and leads them on what he calls "The Victory Walk" before games. Imagining the sight of burly Badgers walking around and around and around the parking lot of the Yawara Center hotel in Madison Saturday morning, McClain maintains the milk walks "create a unity."

McClain has other problems, too. The NCAA is investigating an alleged slushy incident that took place when Wisconsin was recruiting Offensive Guard Carlton Walker, now a sophomore. Walker has said that an alumnus took him to a Florida hotel and forced him to sign with Wisconsin. Also, it was recently disclosed that McClain and his assistants have been giving complimentary tickets to dealers in return for the use of new cars.

On the player front, Williams has argued with McClain over what position he should play, and McClain has been getting low marks for his handling of his star player, Running Back Chuckie Davis, who had been Georgia's high school player of the year before Herschel Walker won that honor.

To say the least, Davis has had a checkered academic and athletic career in Wisconsin. He played for the Badgers as a freshman in 1979, but subsequently failed to meet the Big Ten's eligibility requirements.

continued

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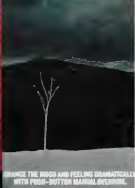
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ments and didn't play in 1980. Badger coaches enrolled Davis in summer school at Wisconsin. That fall the coaches enrolled Davis in Madison Tech, a local junior college. But he withdrew, and remained out of school entirely until this past summer when Badger coaches again got him to take some courses at Wisconsin. This time he stayed in school and completed whatever courses he needed to return to Wisconsin in the fall, regain his eligibility and play for the Badgers this season.

But whatever pent-up animosities existed on the Wisconsin squad, they were directed solely at Michigan on Saturday. Davis did his part for McClain by rushing for 69 yards on 15 carries, catching two passes for 48 yards and scoring one touchdown. Williams took a screen pass from Cole out of the shotgun, about five yards behind the line of scrimmage, and bolted down the left sideline for what proved to be the game-winning touchdown. As for McClain, he opened up his drib, predictable offense—and won some friends among the crowd of 68,733—by using the shotgun, which had been what long-suffering Wisconsin fans wanted to use on McClain.

In all, Wisconsin ran 78 offensive plays to Michigan's 53 and stuffed 439 yards in total offense down Bo's vaunted defense. "We were lucky we lost by only seven points," said Bo. "Our offense wasn't good, our defense wasn't good, our kicking game wasn't good [Ali Haji-Sheikh missed field-goal attempts of 41 and 46 yards] and our coaching was poor." That about covered it.

Wisconsin, on the other hand, did most things right, which definitely was an unusual happening in Madison. On the game's first series the Badgers gave Bo and his boys a taste of things to come. On first down Michigan's Stan Edwards was baited at the line of scrimmage for no gain. On second down Butch Woolfolk was stopped in his own backfield for a loss of one yard. On third down Steve Smith threw an incompletion. On fourth down Dan Brucken punted. After Wisconsin ran seven plays, Michigan tied its luck again. Woolfolk gained three yards. Woolfolk lost one yard. Smith threw incomplete. Brucken punted. A pattern was developing.

Michigan, however, scored first, taking a 7-0 lead shortly after recovering a Wisconsin fumble at the Badgers' 33-yard line early in the second quarter. But

before you could write out the name Schembechler, Wisconsin tied the score at 7-7 following a 17-yard touchdown pass from Cole to Marvin Neal and Mark Doran's conversion. And moments later—two seconds before the half—Davis scored from a yard out and the Badgers led 14-7.

Woolfolk's 89-yard touchdown run, the second longest in Michigan history (he had a 92-yard romp against—you guessed it—Wisconsin in 1979), gained the Wolverines a 14-14 tie in the third quarter, but then Williams did his thing for the winning touchdown and the Badger defense took over.

Tim Kramie, Wisconsin's outstanding noseguard, who participated in a team-high 13 tackles, almost twice as many as any other Badger, scoffed at Michigan's attack after the game. "Their philosophy was to run the ball down our throat," he said. "When they wanted to pass, it was a little late."

And whether Michigan? Were the Wolverines overrated, as Schembechler claims, or a victim of the classic upset situation—looking past a supposedly inferior opponent to an important game the following week, that is, this Saturday's matchup against Notre Dame in Ann Arbor? For sure, Schembechler now knows, if he didn't beforehand, that he has a quarterback problem: freshman Smith may run a 4.5 40, but he completed only three of 18 passes for just 39 yards and threw three interceptions—all by Safety Matt Vanden Bloom. And if Schembechler can't find a quarterback who can get the ball to Anthony Carter, who caught only one pass for 11 yards against Wisconsin, well, Bo may not visit Pasadena on New Year's Day after all.

Quite understandably, there was bedlam in Madison Saturday night. During last year's game with Michigan at Madison, which the Wolverines won 24-0, Badger fans booed so noisily during one Michigan offensive series that Wisconsin was assessed three time-outs and drew five penalties. On Saturday night, though, State Street, the main drag, was loaded with people. Many were loaded; many were hanging from lampposts; all were singing the Badgers' theme song, whose tune is that of the Badwenger ditty: "When you've said Wisconsin, you've said it all."

As far as Bo Schembechler's concerned, the Badgers really did say it all. Michigan's not No. 1.

THE WEEK

by ANTHONY COTTON

WEST UCLA could empathize with Saturday's upset victims but avoided inclusion by beating Arizona 35-18. Last year the undefeated and second-ranked Bruins were upended by the Wildcats 23-17 as Quarterback Tom Ramsey was sacked seven times and threw two interceptions. Saturday, the stars showed 146 yards through the air, three touchdown passes and no sacks as Ramsey directed a ball-control offense that scored after drives of 76, 94, 80 and 80 yards. Sophomore fullback Kevin Nelson gained 152 yards in 25 carries and fullback Frank Bruno added 74 more yards on 16 carries. UCLA also went for a relatively short 37-yard TD after an interception by Tom Sullivan, one of his two in the game.

USC, which barely beat Tennessee, 20-17, a year ago, had no problems this time around, routing the Vols 43-7 in its opener. Playing little more than a half, fullback Marcus Allen rushed for 210 yards and four touchdowns. Allen also caught four passes for 21 yards. "Marcus is a little quicker this year, a little more dynamic," said USC Coach John Robinson in understatement. Also turning in a dynamic performance was Quarterback John Mazar, playing in his first college game, he completed seven of 12 for 91 yards. "John Mazar started in well as any quarterback I've ever coached. He knew more about what was going on than I did," said Robinson about Mazar's six completions in his first six attempts, including a 50-yard score to Timmy White.

A pair of old hands led Arizona State to a 52-10 win over Utah. Senior fullback Gerald Riggs rushed for 139 yards and two touchdowns, and Quarterback Mike Pagel passed for three touchdowns as Darryl Rogers got the 100th win of his 17-year coaching career. Washington also won its opener, beating Pacific 34-14, while Washington State defeated Montana State 33-21 and Oregon State overcame a 28-0 deficit to beat Fresno State 31-28, ending a 14-game losing streak.

As usual, footballs were flying in the Western Athletic Conference. Brigham Young Quarterback Jim McMahon, suffering from chills and a fever, burned the Air Force with 28 completions in 39 attempts for 226 yards and four touchdowns in a 45-21 win. At Colorado State, Matt Koffler broke one San Diego State passing record and just missed tying another while leading the Aztecs to a 30-14 win. Koffler completed 35 passes in 52 attempts for 359 yards. The 35 completions erased the mark of 33 set by Jesse Freitas in 1973, while the 52 attempts were just one short of Brian Sipe's 1971 record.

continues

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

SOUTH For Alabama, Michigan's loss stood to be its gain. Playing against undermanned Georgia Tech, Alabama seemed sure to rise in the polls, with Bear Bryant's 308th collegiate win, six short of Amos Alonzo Stagg's record. Both events will have to wait for another day. "Our group of skinny-necked youngsters refused to be beaten," said Georgia Tech Coach Bill Curry after Tech, 1-9-1 a year ago, the tie coming against favored Notre Dame, upset 'Bama 24-21. For Tech, it was the first win against the Tide on the road in 25 years. "I played on a couple of Super Bowl championship teams, but this is it," said Curry. "A win in the Super Bowl doesn't come close to matching this." Tech trailed 21-17 with 8:36 remaining but then marched 80 yards for the winning touchdown, scored on a two-yard run by freshman Tailback Robert Lavette with 3:57 to play. Alabama then drove to the Tech 33, but a 50-yard field-goal attempt by Peter Kim fell short. "It wasn't a fluke or an upset," said Bryant. "GT came out and whipped us. They wanted to win a lot worse than we did." Although the Tide outgained Georgia Tech in total offense 384 yards to 262, 'Bama didn't help its cause by losing three fumbles and being flagged with seven penalties for 54 yards, three coming during Tech's scoring drives.

Georgia extended the longest winning streak in college football to 15 with a 27-13 win over California. Although the Golden Bears' run-and-shoot attack amassed 325 yards of total offense against the Bulldogs, 285 of them in the air, Georgia's Herschel Walker helped offset it by running for 167 yards on 35 carries.

The "hero" of North Carolina's 56-0 win over East Carolina was a senior whose football career was cut short by chronic knee problems. Former Offensive Lineman Ken Saylor, acting as a lookout in the area of the Carolina law library, which overlooks the practice field, espied two overeager observers last Wednesday. Saylor told Coach Dick Crum, who went to law school dean Dr. Kenneth Brown. When Brown confronted the two men (later identified as East Carolina assistant coaches Charlie Elnquist and Garry Fast), neither would produce identification and left shortly thereafter. "He (Fast) was in there Tuesday and was in the same seat today, but I didn't want to jump the gun," said Brown. "He was working on a pad with symbols that appeared to be football players. I told him he could use the law library for what it was intended, but that he could not stay and copy down plays." East Carolina's denial of any wrongdoing gained a measure of credence after the Tar Heels rolled up 571 yards of total offense against the Pirates, with Tailback Kelvin Bryant rushing for 211 yards on 19 carries and six touchdowns.

Florida State's meeting with Memphis State was supposed to be a breather for the

Seminole before consecutive road games against Nebraska, Ohio State, Notre Dame, Pitt and LSU. But FSU nearly smothered, escaping with a 10-5 defeat of the Tigers. Clemson defeated Tulane 13-5.

EAST Penn State Coach Joe Paterno seemed neither appreciative nor charitable after the Nittany Lions' 52-0 thrashing of Cincinnati. "We still have a long way to go," said Paterno about an offense that generated 421 total yards and a defense that allowed only 121. Curt Warner provided the fuel for Penn State's offense, rushing for 122 yards and scoring three touchdowns.

"I think this shows we have the potential to beat anybody on our schedule, bar none," said Temple Quarterback Tank Murphy after the Owls beat Syracuse 31-19. Among Temple's upcoming opponents: Penn State on Oct. 3. The ebullient Murphy completed 16 of 26 passes for 192 yards and one touchdown. Other winners were: Navy, which defeated The Citadel 17-7; Rutgers, which beat Colgate 13-5; and Holy Cross, which defeated Boston University 14-6.

MIDWEST "We've studied Nebraska's tendencies for the past several years and our defense knew just about what to expect," said Iowa Coach Hayden Fry. What he didn't say was that for the most part the expectations had been unavailing, to wit, last season's 57-0 blowout by the Cornhuskers. Saturday, however, the Hawkeye defenders were *amama cum frude* in a 10-7 upset of Nebraska. The Cornhuskers, who were first in the nation in rushing offense a year ago, were held to 150 yards and entered Iowa territory only three times in the first three quarters. "Never have I seen so many do so much on defense to win a game," said Fry in presenting the game ball to Defensive Coach Bill Brasher. On offense Iowa came out in an unbalanced line for the first time since Fry has been at Iowa. "It worked well in the first quarter and into the second before Nebraska caught on," said Fry. By that time Eddie Phillips had scored on a two-yard run and Lon Otencnik had kicked a 35-yard field goal for the Hawkeyes. Another big Iowa weapon was punter Reggie Roby, who set a school record with five kicks for 279 yards, a 55.8 average. Nebraska marched to the Iowa 36 but fumbled with 2:51 left. Iowa fumbled the ball right back to the Cornhuskers, who stalled again at the Iowa 39, losing the ball on downs. A final possession resulted in an interception, finally sealing the win for the Hawkeyes.

Purdue also bested a highly regarded opponent, beating Stanford 27-19. Sophomore Quarterback Scott Campbell, whose only other collegiate start came in a nationally telecast game against Notre Dame last year, was hobbled before the cameras, completing 14 of 18 passes for 177 yards and one touchdown

SI TOP 20

1. TEXAS (1-0)	2*
2. USC (1-0)	3
3. NOTRE DAME (1-0)	5
4. PENN STATE (1-0)	6
5. OKLAHOMA (1-0)	4
6. UCLA (1-0)	9
7. GEORGIA (2-0)	11
8. N. CAROLINA (1-0)	10
9. PITT (1-0)	12
10. OHIO STATE (1-0)	13
11. WASHINGTON (1-0)	14
12. MISS. STATE (1-0)	15
13. BYU (2-0)	17
14. WISCONSIN (1-0)	—
15. IOWA (1-0)	—
16. MIAMI (1-0)	18
17. MICHIGAN (0-1)	1
18. NEBRASKA (0-1)	7
19. ALABAMA (1-1)	8
20. FLORIDA ST. (2-0)	20

* Last week

Also starting was Tailback Jimmy Smith, who scored three touchdowns, including one on a 100-yard kickoff return. Stanford's John Elway completed 33 of 44 passes for 418 yards and one touchdown, but the Cardinals lost three fumbles and were penalized 15 times for 104 yards.

Viewing Ohio State's 34-13 win over Duke was none other than Woody Hayes, making his first trip to Ohio Stadium for an OSU game since Nov. 25, 1978. Sitting in an obscure radio booth, the 68-year-old Hayes allowed that he "had a hand" in recruiting 21 players on the present OSU team, including junior Tailback Tim Spencer, who scored three touchdowns, one an 82-yard scamper on the Buckeyes' first play from scrimmage. Quarterback Art Schlichter, another Hayes recruit, ran for one score and passed for another. In other games involving Big Ten teams: Illinois beat Michigan State 27-17. Minnesota beat Ohio University 19-17, and Indiana edged Northwestern 21-20 when the Wildcats, trying for their first win in 27 games at the Big Ten, missed a two-point conversion late in the game.

Oklahoma had trouble in its season opener. Wyoming led the Sooners 20-17 midway in the second half before finally going under 37-20. Nevertheless, Barry Switzer called it OU's best opener in nine years. Five other Big Eight teams won games against non-conference opponents.

In his first game as a collegiate coach, Gerry Faust emerged victorious as Notre Dame whopped LSU 27-9. Leading the way for the Irish were Middle Linebacker Bob Crable, who had 13 solo tackles, including three on a

goal-line stand, and Quarterback Tim Koege, who completed six of seven passes for 101 yards and a touchdown. "Notre Dame would have won without those players and that coach from Moeller," said Faust, who coached Crable, Koege and seven others on the Notre Dame roster when he was at Moeller High in Cincinnati.

SOUTHWEST

Out of injury and necessity, Texas played old faces in new places and new faces in old places in its opener. Unfortunately for Rice, the result of the changes was all too familiar as the Longhorns rolled to a 31-3 win, their 16th straight over the Owls. Donnie Little, a three-year starter at quarterback but a wide receiver this year, caught a 65-yard touchdown pass from his successor, Rick McIvor, and John Walker, a 204-pound sophomore tailback who was a third-stringer two weeks ago, rushed for 155 yards in 25 carries. Walker was replacing A.J. (Jam) Jones, out with a hamstring pull. In all, Texas out-gained Rice 478 yards to 109.

Last year Arkansas needed a late field goal by Ish Ordonez to nip Tulsa 10-10. This year the heroes were provided by Bruce Lahay, whose field goals of 46 and 21 yards in the final 5:51 gave the Razorbacks a 14-10 win over the Golden Hurricane. SMU had no problems with North Texas State, romping 34-7. Dual tailbacks Craig James and Eric Dickerson continued their successful job-sharing program, each rushing for more than 100 yards for the fourth consecutive game. Craig gained 137 yards in 26 carries, Dickerson got 126 yards on 23 rushes. Both scored

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Marcus Allen, USC's senior tailback, rushed for 210 yards in 22 carries, a 9.5 average, and scored four TD's in the Trojans' 43-7 win over Tennessee. Allen out-gained the Vols in total offense, 231 yards to 159.

DEFENSE: Mark Bortz, a 6' 6", 256-pound junior tackle, had five solo tackles, three assists, two sacks and a pair of fumble recoveries in Iowa's 10-7 upset of Nebraska. Bortz had 14 tackles against Nebraska last year.

a pair of touchdowns. Neighboring Baylor made up for last week's 18-17 loss to Lamar by trouncing Bowling Green 38-0.

"It seemed like old times," said Arkansas State Coach Larry Lacey after a 35-13 win over Northeast Louisiana. A former assistant at Oklahoma, Lacey installed the wishbone that helped the Indians gain 410 yards rushing and a 49.57 to 19.03 edge in time of possession. Lacey, who watched the offensive display from a seat in the press box, said, "I just stayed out of everyone's way. I'm sure that my staff appreciated it."

END



Unlike the Canadians, Stetsko, who had three goals in the final, scored with the greatest of ease.

Red uprising in Montreal

When the Canada Cup was there on the line, the Soviets rose up, unleashed their big guns and outskated, outscored and humiliated Team Canada's NHL stars 8-1

All that's left now for the Soviet Union's relentless Big Red Machine to do is to pick up the revered old Montreal Forum, skate it across Ste. Catharines Street, down through Old Montreal and dump it into the St. Lawrence River, and the National Hockey League along with it. This time was supposed to be different. Team U.S.S.R. was supposed to be done for. It would be Team Canada's and the NHL's day. Eighteen months ago the Soviets had dropped from sight, stunned by a ragtag U.S.A. Olympic team not overly talented but too young to know it. And for the past two weeks, playing in a thing called Canada Cup II, the Soviets had looked more like just another Team Sweden or Team Finland than a vaunted international power.

But last Sunday night in the Canada

Cup finale, meeting a Canadian team of NHL pros that everyone was calling Team Awesome, the Soviets took the ice at the Forum and outskated, outchecked and outfinessed Canada, ultimately scoring a crushing 8-1 victory. Eight goals. Oh no, Canada.

Other Team Canada/NHL embarrassments at the hands of the U.S.S.R. could be written off with one excuse or another. In 1972 Team Canada was hopelessly out of shape, lost some face but still won the series. In 1979 the NHL had only two days to summon up the Challenge Cup team that was routed 6-0 by the Soviets in the decisive game. But this time Team Canada seemed to have everything in order. It had tremendous scorers, a mobile defense, rule players. It had enthusiasm. It had a full month of training camp to get

in shape, to iron out any wrinkles. And on Sunday, Team Canada had only to beat a Soviet team that four nights earlier it had annihilated 7-3 in a preliminary game.

"This was just a one-game deal," said Canada Defenseman Brian Engblom after Sunday's debacle, "and they came up better than us."

Wrong.

What happened before 17,033 mostly silent fans was that the NHL finally ran out of excuses for losing "big" hockey games to the Soviet Union. As Canada Cup II proved once again, the Soviets play for the sickle better than the NHLers do for the buck.

What Canada Cup II was supposed to be was an extravaganza of nationalism designed so that Canada could regain its hockey supremacy. What it turned out to be was a bust, except for the Soviets, of course. Instead of being a hotly contested two-week tournament pitting the world's six strongest hockey nations—Canada, the U.S.S.R., Sweden, Finland, Czechoslovakia and the U.S.—it was a one-game war. After the Soviet Union and Canada, you see, there's a talent gap that even a friendly referee would find impossible to bridge.

This year, for instance, Sweden was represented by an odd amalgam of 16 NHL pros and seven amateurs who hardly knew each other and played as if they didn't care to. Finland went winless, and in its five games was outscored 31-6. While Team U.S.A. was greatly improved over the 1976 Canada Cup I edition that earned the nickname "Team Useless," the Americans didn't have a genuine goal scorer, something a hockey team, well, needs.

And the timing for Canada Cup II wasn't exactly perfect, either. Pretournament exhibition games began in mid-August, when even a Rocket Richard would prefer to be on a bench. When Canada squeaked past the Soviet Union in a tune-up at Edmonton a few weeks ago, one sardonic Montreal newspaperman was quick to call the game "the greatest hockey thriller ever played in August."

Certainly, the six exhibition games and

continued

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A 1906 murder on Big Moose Lake inspired the Theodore Dreiser novel. Now acid precipitation is killing that lake—and many other bodies of water in the U.S. and Canada. These deaths are no less of ...

AN AMERICAN

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

A photograph of a small, dark wooden cabin with a chimney, situated on a calm body of water. A small wooden boat is docked in the foreground. The cabin and the surrounding evergreen trees are reflected in the still water. The sky is a pale, hazy blue.

TRAGEDY

CONTINUED

AMERICAN TRAGEDY

continued

A chemical leprosy is eating away at the face of the U.S. It's popularly known as acid rain, but rain isn't the only culprit.

The true name for this phenomenon is acid precipitation. In addition to acid rain, it includes acid snow, acid sleet, acid hail, acid frost, acid rime, acid fog, acid mist, acid dew and "dry" deposits of acid particles, aerosols and gases. And it's not only this country's problem. It is, however, the responsibility of the U.S.—as both perpetrator and victim of this ecological crime—to recognize the extreme dangers of acid precipitation and to take steps to remedy it before it becomes so pervasive as to be irreversible.

Acid precipitation is caused by the emission of sulfur dioxide and nitrogen oxides from the combustion of fossil fuels. Natural sources, such as volcanoes and mud flats, can emit sulfur dioxide into the air, but their contribution is small. "About 90% of the sulfur in the atmosphere of the northeastern United States comes from man-made sources," says Dr. George R. Hendrey, leader of the Environmental Sciences Group at the Brookhaven (N.Y.) National Laboratory.

Once aloft, the sulfur dioxide and the nitrogen oxides can be transformed into sulfuric and nitric acids by reacting with moisture in the atmosphere, and air currents can carry them hundreds, sometimes thousands, of miles from their source. When these acids precipitate to earth, they can have a devastating impact on lands and waters that have little natural buffering capacity.

● Acid precipitation can kill fish and oth-

er aquatic life outright. In Scandinavia, which is downwind of pollution pumped into the skies in Western Europe, it has already destroyed fish life in 5,000 lakes in southwestern Sweden and in seven Atlantic salmon rivers and 1,500 lakes in southern Norway.

● Acid precipitation can have damaging effects on human health.

● Acid precipitation may pose a menace to crops and forests.

● Acid deposition is already disfiguring buildings and monuments, including the U.S. Capitol.

● Acid precipitation, according to many scientists, is now the single most important environmental problem in North America. It's no Tellico Dam vs. snail-darter issue, in which an obscure branch of the biological tree was threatened by technology. Rather, acid precipitation is a problem of towering dimensions. DDT contamination posed serious problems in

INCO's nearly quarter-mile-high stack in Sudbury, Ontario spews 2,500 metric tons of sulfur into the air daily, most from any source in North America.



this country, but it couldn't match acid precipitation's capacity for destruction on so many fronts and on such an overwhelming scale.

Think this kind of stuff is hyperbole? In Canada, where the province of Ontario alone has lost an estimated 4,000 lakes and could lose another 48,000 in the next two decades, there's an urgent need to curb the sources of the pollution, many of them located in the U.S., that have created such devastation and dismal prospects. But there's precious little indication that Washington is going to act. On the contrary, there's every indication that the Reagan Administration, whose Clean Air Act Working Group is chaired by Interior Secretary James Watt, is planning to gut that act when it comes up for renewal or amendment in Congress this session. The Clean Air Act, which as written in 1970 doesn't really address the problem of acid precipitation, needs strengthening, not gutting—especially by the inclusion of measures to curtail acid precipitation. The revised law should require, among other things, the burning of low-sulfur coal, the installation of scrubbers at critical plants, investment in alternative energy sources and the establishment of emissions standards on a regional—or “bubble”—basis. The costs would be very little compared to the rate hikes imposed in recent years by OPEC. A 2% surcharge on the average utility bill in the East would get rid of half the sulfur dioxide in the region. These aren't far-out figures advanced by some wild-eyed eco-freak; they're from the report of the National Commission on Air Quality, the members of which are appointed by the President.

In the U.S., acid precipitation falls almost continuously on the ecologically vulnerable lands and waters of West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine; in short, the 182,496-square-mile northeast quadrant of the U.S. Acid precipitation has destroyed trout streams, trout ponds and bass lakes, which is unsettling if not disastrous; it is also very close to rendering the Quabbin Reservoir, which serves more than two million people in the metropolitan Boston area, an eco-



To neutralize the acids in its water, Big Moose Lake is being dosed with heavy doses of lime.

nomic disaster. The cost to keep the water potable in years to come promises to be enormous. As Alan VanArsdale of the Massachusetts Department of Environmental Quality Engineering explains, “Our charge is to provide good water and, of course, we’ll do that. But as the reservoir gets worse, the cost goes way up. Who wants to treat a 39-square-mile lake?”

This is a point often overlooked by the Reagan Administration: Environmental consciousness often makes good economic sense. In the classic pay-now-or-pay-me-later scenario, the costs the environment is not exacting today from the industries contributing to the acid rain problem, it will claim tomorrow from the public sector to clean up the resultant mess.

An official of the Environmental Protection Agency recently told Senator George Mitchell of Maine that the Administration isn't going to take any action as long as acid precipitation was confined to the Northeast. But that part of the U.S. isn't the only affected area. Southeastern states, from Florida to Kentucky, are being hit by the same mess. Some rain that falls on Raleigh, N.C. is more acid than white vinegar. The *Charlotte Observer* routinely reports on rain acidity on its weather page; and the Blue Ridge Parkway has become known as the Gray Ridge Parkway because of air-polluting ammonium sulfate, a form of acid precipitation.

Acid precipitation, often at levels that have been associated with the beginning

of lake acidification in Scandinavia, is now falling on sensitive lands and waters in Michigan and Minnesota. It is also falling in New Mexico, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, California and Washington (see box on page 78).

That the barn door is still *continued*



Acid precipitation is pockmarking the Capitol.

AMERICAN TRAGEDY

continued

wide open after several prize horses have escaped seems irrelevant to the very people who are charged with guarding the door. No portion of the U.S. has been harder hit than the Adirondack Mountains in upstate New York. The Adirondacks lie in an area affected by polluted air masses coming from the Ohio River Valley, southern Canada and the Middle West. What has happened in the Adirondacks is a preview of what might occur elsewhere.

"It's insidious," says C.V. Bowes Jr., the owner of Coverwood Lodge, a resort on Big Moose Lake in the western Adirondacks. Bowes is standing in the living room of his house looking out at the acid waters of Big Moose, one of 212 Adirondack lakes and ponds that have so far been documented as acidified. It was on Big Moose, in 1906, that Chester Gillette drowned his lover, Grace Brown, thereby providing Theodore Dreiser with the basis for *An American Tragedy*, an ironically prophetic title in view of what has happened in recent years. The still pristine-appearing lake is now so acid that swimmers sometimes emerge with blood-shot eyes. Except for the few odd fish that hover about spring holes in the bottom, the trout are gone.

"I can remember how good the fishing

was," Bowes says. "Then, 30 years ago, it slowly started to tail off. First the state blamed it on the big blowdown of 1950, when we lost 75% of our coniferous trees in the aftermath of a hurricane. The state said that the downed trees made the water poorer for fish. No one suspected what was wrong, but we should have known something was crazy when the trout the state stocked would run out of the lake down the outlet to the Moose River. The state next blamed the beaver. The conservation department said the beaver were warming up the water by damming tributary streams, and the department began dynamiting dam after dam, dozens of them. Acid rain was never mentioned. We never even heard about acid rain until five years ago, when we started reading about the trouble in Sweden and Canada."

By his own account, Bowes should have known better. Before he bought Coverwood Lodge, a rustic hotel, in 1951, he was a professional naturalist on the staff of the National Audubon Society. Even after Bowes left Audubon, he ran field trips to Central and South America, the Caribbean and Africa. But for all of his expertise in the workings of the world around him, he admits he didn't have a glimmer about

acid precipitation until it was too late.

The incident that opened Bowes's eyes occurred only a year ago, at the start of the tourist season. In July and August, when business is hectic at the Lodge, Bowes, his wife, Diane, and their two young daughters, Kimberly and Rebecca, move out of their house and live in an apartment on the third floor of the hotel. They are downstairs running the hotel all day and use the apartment only at night. One evening in July 1980, Kimberly and Rebecca turned on the faucet in the apartment to get a drink of water. They complained that it tasted "funny." Indeed it did, and analysis disclosed that it contained five times the State Health Department's permissible amount of lead and three times the permissible amount of copper. It was determined that acid precipitates entering the spring that supplied the water for Bowes's hotel had leached the metals from the building's plumbing in poisonous amounts.

The lead and copper could be tasted in the water from the apartment faucet because the water had been sitting in the pipe all day. Bowes checked all the water pipes on his property. All but one—a pipe in Bowes's own house—had highly acidic water. Bowes was puzzled by this until he learned that the contractor who

had built the well serving only the family's house had used limestone around its tiling. The limestone neutralized the acid in the water. By constructing limestone filter beds for the Lodge's water supply, Bowes was able to correct the problem. Which only begs the question: How many people dependent on wells in the Adirondacks, and other places where acid precipitation comes into contact with metals, know what's in their water? And what's the consumption of that water doing to those who drink it?

Five miles up the road from Coverwood Lodge in the hamlet of Big Moose, Bill Marleau sits in an armchair in the living room of his small frame house. He's ticking off the lakes in the area that have been acidified, including Woods Lake, where he has had a small cabin for years. Except for the three years he served in the Navy during World War II, Marleau has spent his entire life in Big

continued

Ranger Marleau says man may have to "play God." Bowes repainted his hotel to avoid metal poisoning.



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AMERICAN TRAGEDY

continued

Moose. He's of the opinion that acid precipitation has an even more widespread effect on the region than has yet been documented. Marless isn't a scientist. He doesn't have data printouts to substantiate his views. But he's a state forest ranger—he has been one for 33 years—and until the fishing collapsed, he was an ardent angler.

"Almost everything is down," says Marless. "Everything. Acid rain affects the birds that feed on fish, the fur-bearing animals that feed on fish. The way I look at it, everything in nature is dependent on food, and when you reduce the food sup-

ply of those birds and animals, it affects other birds and animals that aren't directly dependent on aquatic insects and fish.



Hendrey: The sulfur trouble is 90% man-made.

ply of those birds and animals, it affects other birds and animals that aren't directly dependent on aquatic insects and fish.

"The snowshoe rabbit is down, the fox is way down, deer are down, way down, the bobcat is down, the raccoon is down. Even the porcupine is disappearing. Bear is fairly plentiful, but of course a bear is like a pig. It will eat anything from bark to garbage. Frogs and crayfish are way down. Kingfisher, osprey, gulls, they're all down. The loon has disappeared. There are no mayflies, and darned needles are way down. There used to be clouds of them when there were thick hatches of mosquitoes. The mosquitoes are nothing like when I was a kid.

"You don't see fish jump anymore.

There are no fish to jump, and even if there were, there'd be no insects to make them jump. It gets to a point where you're going to have to play God again and start all over by making the environment comfortable for the littlest insect."

Acidity is measured on the pH—literally, potential of Hydrogen—scale, which runs from acidic at its low end to alkaline at the high. Every value below 7, the neutral point, is increasingly acidic. The pH scale is exponential, so that pH 4.6 is 10 times more acidic than pH 5.6, and pH 3.6 is 100 times more acidic.

"Pure" water is slightly acidic, a pH of between 5.6 and 5.7, because the water molecules combine with carbon dioxide naturally present in the atmosphere and form weak carbonic acid. While scientists are not certain that rain was ever "pure"—for instance, a million years ago it may have had pHs as high as 6 or 7 as the result of free-floating alkaline dust—they do know that trouble begins when the acidification of precipitation is intensified. The median pH for precipitation in the Northeast is generally accepted to be 4.3. Although not "officially measured," the lowest recorded level for a single storm anywhere in the world is believed to have occurred in the fall of 1978 in Wheeling, W. Va. According to the U.S. EPA there, over the course of a three-day drizzle, pHs of under 2 were discovered, more than 5,000 times more acid than normal rain. For comparison, the pH of bottled lemon juice is 2.1.

Although data are meager, the evidence indicates that in the last 20 to 30 years the acidity of precipitation has increased in many parts of the U.S. At present, the U.S. annually discharges more than 26 million tons of sulfur dioxide into the atmosphere. Just three states, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, are responsible for nearly a quarter of this total.

Overall, two-thirds of the sulfur dioxide in U.S. skies comes from gas, coal- and oil-fired power plants. Other sources: industrial boilers, smelters and refineries, 26%; commercial institutions and residences, 5%; and transportation, 3%. Between now and the year 2000, utilities are expected to double the amount of coal burned.

At present, the U.S. pumps some 23 million tons of nitrogen oxides into the atmosphere. Transportation sources ac-

count for 40%; power plants, 30%; industrial sources, 25%; and commercial institutions and residences, 5%. What makes these data even more disconcerting—and statistically unpredictable—is that emissions have tripled in the last 30 years.

In addition to sulfuric and nitric acids, acid precipitation often carries with it other products of combustion, such as lead, zinc, mercury, copper, cadmium and nickel, among other poisonous heavy metals. Besides dumping loads of such metals on once-balanced ecosystems, acid precipitation can also leach from the soil metals, notably aluminum, that are already present.

After the Clean Air Act was passed in 1970, utilities often sought to meet its standards by building very tall stacks. The EPA calculates that there are now 180 stacks more than 500 feet tall as compared to only two in 1969. Tall stacks can relieve local air pollution, but they increase acid precipitation in downwind areas. In 1974, American Electric Power ran ads boasting that it was the "pioneer" of tall stacks. The ads proclaimed that the tall stacks dispersed "gaseous emissions widely in the atmosphere so that ground-level concentrations would not be harmful to human health or property." These emissions, American Electric Power said, are "dissipated high in the atmosphere, dispersed over a wide area, and come down finally in harmless traces." The ads derided "irresponsible environmentalists" who wanted strict controls over the emissions and accused them of "taking food from the mouths of the people to give [themselves] a better view of the mountain." Except for one thing: It's clear now that those "harmless traces" are not harmless.

The effect of acid precipitation on a body of water depends on the nature of the rock and soils in the watershed. A watershed containing readily available calcium and magnesium or carbonates weathered from limestone can buffer acid in much the way an Alka-Seltzer or a Rolaids tablet will neutralize an upset stomach. Some parts of North America, such as the Middle West with its more alkaline soils, have great buffering capacities, but there are other areas that have hard rock and/or infertile sandy soil, and these have minimal buffering capacity (see map on page 78). Geologic outcroppings and anomalies can make for vast differences within an area. How much acid

precipitation it takes to acidify a specific body of water depends on that body's acid-neutralizing capacity, chemically measured as its total alkalinity. A lake with, say, 10 parts per million total alkalinity is low on alkalines, and in time acid can destroy it. Knowledge of the total alkalinity of a body of water and whether that alkalinity is decreasing is essential because pH can be a deceptive figure, dropping sharply only as buffering capacity is finally destroyed.

Snowfall can play a key role in acidification. Dr. Ernest W. Marshall, a geologist specializing in snow and ice, believes he can track different storms through the Adirondacks weeks after they have occurred by digging into the snowpack and examining individual storm layers. To Marshall, it's no coincidence that the Adirondack lakes that suffer most each spring lie on the range's western slope and receive the greatest snowfall. "The snow and ice store acids for three to four months," Marshall says, "and then when the spring melt comes, lakes and streams get one hell of a slug of acids. It's as though a pack-a-day smoker gave up cigarettes for four months and then tried to make up for what he had missed by smoking dozens of packs in just 10 days." High acid episodes during snowmelt are not unusual in lakes and streams that otherwise seem normal. In Norway, these episodes have been linked with large fish kills.

At 6.5 pH level, brook, brown, and rainbow trout experience significant reductions in egg hatchability and growth. At 5.5, largemouth and smallmouth bass, walleyes and rainbow trout are eliminated and declines in other trout and salmon populations can be expected. Below 5, most fish are unable to survive.

A low pH can cause female fish to retain their eggs, but even if the eggs are laid, mortality can be high in acidified waters because fish are ultra-sensitive in the egg, larval and fry stages. Ironically, as new year-classes of fish fail to develop, the older fish become bigger because of reduced competition for the food, and anglers will often report sensational catches.

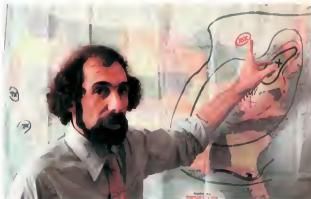
Why do the fish die? Low pH by itself interferes with the salt balance freshwater species need to maintain in their body tissues and blood plasma. But apart from that, there's another factor at work: aluminum. Acid precipitation

"mobilizes" (puts into circulation) aluminum, one of the most abundant metals in the crust of the earth, and as Dr. Carl Schofield, a Cornell University aquatic scientist, discovered, aluminum can be lethal to fish and other organisms at pH levels that are normally considered safe for the host fish themselves. Acidification also mobilizes mercury and cadmium, and fish that don't die may become poisonous to predators who eat them—including the human kind—because of the accumulation of such heavy metals in the fish's tissues.

Besides losing its fish life, it appears

There's another bizarre touch: Tree leaves that fall into streams, lakes and ponds become pickled and simply stay there. The bacteria and fungi that would normally begin to break down the leaves are inhibited, and the same holds for stoneflies and other aquatic insects that eat leaf detritus. Given this, leaves can build up in a body of water, and as Hendrey says, "Acidification is accelerating the rate of the filling-in of ponds. The accumulation of material is abnormal, and it's increasing so rapidly that soon it may have negative effects for human beings."

Scientists at the Freshwater Institute



Oppenheimer: Microparticulates in acid depositions may have adverse effects on human health

an acidified body of water also loses hundreds of other organisms, including insects, mollusks and certain types of algae. However, a few species can actually thrive. The water in an acidified lake is often a crystalline blue, but the bottom is sometimes carpeted with fibrous mats of algae, thick enough to be picked up and shaken like a rug. Bacteria that can thrive without oxygen live beneath such mats, where they decompose plant matter and produce gases that bubble to the surface in the summer months. "I suspect that this is the cause of the garbage-dump-like odor that wafts over the surface of some acidified Adirondack lakes during the warmest part of the year," says Brookhaven's Hendrey.

in Winnipeg, Canada are attempting to document the most minute changes that occur in acidified lakes. In 1969, the Canadian government established the Experimental Lakes Area southeast of Kenora, Ontario by setting aside 46 lakes for scientific investigation of pollutants. Like thousands of other lakes in eastern Canada, ELA lakes are situated on the granitic Canadian geologic shield, and because they are remote from sources of pollution, they are basically undisturbed. Inasmuch as the hydrological, meteorological, chemical, biological and physical characteristics of all 46 lakes have been measured, any one of them can serve as an experimental laboratory, with others acting as controls. Early research in the

continued

AMERICAN TRAGEDY

continued



Caricidly as deforestation, all rain is acid rain.

ELA centered on the effects of phosphate detergents, which led to their reduced use in Canada, and in 1976 the emphasis shifted to the effects of acid precipitation. The scientists took one lake—it has no name, just the designation Lake 223—and over the course of the next four years added three metric tons of sulfuric acid to it. Dramatic changes have already occurred. The pH of 223 has dropped from 6.5 to 5.6; aluminum, zinc and other toxic metals have been mobilized and are present in increasing concentrations; a small mysid shrimp, an important food for lake trout, has disappeared, as has the fathead minnow; the population of slimy sculpins has dropped sharply; and there is a greater incidence of deformed lake-trout embryos.

Although the phenomenon of acid precipitation has been recognized only in recent years, it probably began about a century ago. Dr. Stephen A. Norton and his colleagues at the University of Maine have found buildups of lead and zinc far greater than the natural background levels in sediment cores extracted from the depths of New England and Scandinavian lakes. The cores show that the initial buildups began 100 years ago and then increased startlingly in the 1940s. In approximately 100 years lead has increased as much as 300% over the background level and zinc as much as 700%. Moreover, additional studies of the sedimentary remains of diatoms, microscopic one-

celled algae, and of cladocerans, microscopic crustacea, indicate "biological changes related to acidification of some of the lakes."

As early as 1872, Robert Angus Smith noted that coal burning in Great Britain caused acid precipitation, and shortly after the turn of the century English scientists C. Crowther and H.G. Ruston reported that "acid rain," the term they used, had killed or reduced the yields of timothy, radish, lettuce and cabbage grown near Leeds in the industrialized Midlands of Great Britain.

In 1959 a Norwegian fisheries inspector, A. Dannevig, first attributed the decline in fish in southern Norway to the increasing acidity of the water, but he had no idea that the acids came from the sky. At the same time Eville Gorbam, a Canadian ecologist then in England and now at the University of Minnesota, published a number of papers demonstrating that acid precipitation could affect the buffering capacity of bedrock, soils and lakes.

But it was not until 1967 that Svanne Odén, a young colleague of pioneering Swedish atmospheric scientists Karl Gustav Rosby and Erik Eriksson, made the breakthrough that identified acid precipitation as a serious environmental threat. Odén, who had been asked to do research on surface-water chemistry, theorized that the increasing acidity of Swedish waters was the result of atmospheric fallout of sulfates. The Swedish government asked him to write a report on his hypothesis, and while Odén was working on it, he received a call from a fisheries inspector in western Sweden who asked, "Is it possible that a massive fish kill we have found could be related to the acid precipitation?" Odén recalls, "That was a shock to me, because that was the first real indication that acid precipitation had an impact on the biosystems."

Odén's report, issued in 1968, showed that acids emanating from Great Britain and West Germany were having a deleterious impact on Swedish rivers and lakes, particularly in the southwestern part of the country. The report created a sensation, and Odén was invited to lecture at universities in the U.S., where other scientists, notably Dr. Gene E. Likens at Cornell and one of his graduate students, Charles Cogbill; Dr. F. Herbert Bormann of Yale; Dr. James N. Galloway of the University of Virginia; and Dr. Ellis Cowling at North Carolina State

began investigating acid precipitation. Cowling was instrumental in the establishment of a National Atmospheric Deposition Program, which has a network of sampling stations across the U.S. and in Canada. Dr. Harold Harvey and Dr. Richard Beaman at the University of Toronto focused on lakes. Likens and his colleagues at Cornell were in a particularly advantageous location in upstate New York. Dr. Dwight Webster, a Cornell professor of fisheries science, had been working on several Adirondack lakes that had been losing their trout populations, and Schofield, the Cornell aquatic scientist, examined the data Webster had accumulated. As Webster says now, "Everything began to fall into place." In time, even utilities joined in. Since 1977, the Electric Power Research Institute, a non-profit arm of the utility industry, has funded \$14.5 million in acid precipitation research.

Apart from being a threat to aquatic life, acid precipitation poses other problems, some of which are the concern of Dr. Michael Oppenheimer, a senior scientist at the Environmental Defense Fund headquarters in New York City. Oppenheimer recently gave up his post as an atmospheric chemist with the Harvard-Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics in Cambridge, Mass. to join EDF so he could deal full time with acid precipitation and related issues.

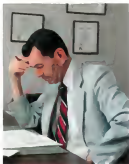
"On certain days the air pollution from Los Angeles blows across the Southwest," says Oppenheimer. "Add that pollution drifting out of the L.A. basin to that from large power plants and smelters in the Southwest, and some of our best views in the West, such as the view of the surrounding ridges from within the Bryce Canyon National Park, are reduced. The haziness is caused by the microparticulates associated with acid precipitation. Congress was specifically concerned about this when it passed the Clean Air Act. There are possible effects on climate. Particulate matter reduces the penetration of sunlight, and I think it likely this will have some effect on climate in the Northeast and perhaps elsewhere."

"There are also possible adverse effects on human health. The first human-health effect is the inhalation of suspended microparticulates of nitrate and sulfate materials. For years asthmatics have gone West for their health, and the inhalation of microparticulates can affect

asthmatics, old people and children. We're concerned now that fine particles are causing widespread health damage in the Northeast."

The "Northeast Damage Report," written for a consortium of Northeastern states by Jennie E. Bridge of the New England Interstate Water Pollution Control Commission and F. Peter Fairchild of the Northeast States for Coordinated Air Use Management, states "Human health is also directly impacted by sulfates and other fine particles transported in the atmosphere. Impacts range from serious respiratory and cardiovascular diseases to death from cancer. High levels of sulfate in the Northeast, largely due to long-range transport into the region, contribute significantly to morbidity in the region. The probability of dying from air pollution-related diseases is twice as high in the Northeast than in other regions of the United States."

According to Oppenheimer, "A second adverse human health effect is the leaching of toxic materials into drinking water supplies, both ground and surface waters." In some parts of the U.S., homeowners obtain their drinking water from roof catchments that drain into cisterns. In Ohio, for example, there are 67,000 such systems. In a study of 40 catchment-cistern homes in Clarion and Indiana counties in western Pennsylvania, Dr. William E. Sharpe, a water resources specialist at Penn State, found that 28 homes, or 70%, had lead concentrations—already in the water when it arrived as rainfall—in their cisterns.



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AMERICAN TRAGEDY

continued

water supplies that exceeded the EPA's "safe" level (50 parts per billion). Nine of the homes had hazardous lead concentrations caused by acid corrosion of the plumbing. "People who rely on roof catchments have very definite problems," Sharpe says. "There are possible health

effects, and there are economic costs. They're going to have to lay out \$600 to \$1,000 per household to make rudimentary changes.

"The rural sections of Clarion and Indiana counties have no public water supplies, and there's no irony here: Deep

and surface coal mining has polluted the ground and surface waters so they're unfit to drink, and the people have turned to the sky as a last resort. It's the coal that's mined in the area and shipped to power plants that's coming back to kill their last resort."

A CONTINENT HEADED FOR DISASTER

MAINE: Native brook trout have ceased reproducing in all small lakes over 2,000 feet in altitude. The pH in these lakes is 5 (pHs of less than 5.6 are hazardous to aquatic life). The headwater tributaries of at least five Atlantic salmon rivers are sufficiently acid to jeopardize the lives of young fish.

NEW HAMPSHIRE: "The usual picture of acid-pickled lakes is beginning to emerge," says Ronald Towse, chief water pollution biologist of the state's Water Supply and Pollution Control Commission. "We have lakes with low pH, low alkalinities, no fish or missing year-classes, high aluminum." So far, Towse has found that seven high-altitude lakes he has been able to reach by car are "bad," but he hasn't been able to get funds for

a helicopter needed to sample remote waters.

VERMONT: Several lakes in the Brooks Wilderness Area of the Green Mountain National Forest have a pH of 4, and two tributaries of the West River, Bull Mountain Brook and Wardsboro Brook have been acidified.

MASSACHUSETTS: Acid precipitation is pelted the state—this summer, the pH of a rainstorm in Lawrence was 2.9—and Massachusetts' fisheries and drinking-water supplies are both threatened by disaster. The Quabbin Reservoir, which supplies the Boston area, often registers surface water pH values in the 5s and 4s, according to Alan Van Arsdale, head of the Massachusetts Department of Environmental Quality Engineering's Acid Deposition Assessment Program. Other

bodies of water that have lost their buffering capacity include the headwaters of the Westfield, Deerfield and Swift rivers; the Wachusett Reservoir, Atkins Reservoir, North Watuppa Pond, the reservoir for Fall River; a series of high-elevation (1,200 to 2,000 feet) ponds and reservoirs in the Berkshires; and the drinking-water ponds in Plymouth County. Van Arsdale isn't optimistic about getting the EPA funds needed to investigate or improve the situation. "They're not going beyond step one to start funding activities in the Northeast," he says. "They're waiting till we scream bloody murder."

RHODE ISLAND: Officials are keeping a watch on the Scituate Reservoir system, which serves as the drinking-water supply for nearly half of Rhode Island. The total alkalinity of the reservoir is low, ranging from three to seven parts per million. The average pH of rain this summer was 3.5.

CONNECTICUT: A dozen lakes have a total alkalinity of less than five parts per million, but Charles Fredette of the state's Department of Environmental Protection terms acid precipitation a "long-range" concern. "We don't have high-altitude lakes like New York or New Hampshire," says Fredette, "and we have relatively good buffering capacity."

NEW YORK: It has been documented that 212 Adirondacks lakes and ponds totaling some 10,460 acres are acidified and incapable of supporting fish life. What is infrequently pointed out is that this figure is derived from tests made on only a third of the lakes and ponds. From the same limited sample, another 256 lakes and ponds totaling 63,000 acres were judged to be in danger of losing their fish. The headwaters of the Hudson have been acidified in part. Other sensitive areas in the state include the Tug Hill Plateau to the west of the Adirondacks, the Catskill Mountains, the Shawangunk Mountains, the Hudson Highlands, the Palisades area and Long Island.

NEW JERSEY: Research is just getting under way, but there are "some waters in the northwestern part of the state that show some signs of acidification," says Dr. Dean Arnold of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. According to A.H. Johnson of the University of Pennsylvania, headwaters of streams in the Pine Barrens show signs of acidification from precipitation.

PENNSYLVANIA: "At present many of our mountain streams can no longer support rainbow trout, and some of our first- and second-

This map, compiled from studies of soil and rocks, shows (in red) areas of the U.S. and Canada that are especially sensitive to acid precipitation; the text pinpoints its known impact.



Acid deposition readily affects metals, marble and limestone, and it is accelerating the degradation of buildings and monuments in the U.S. and abroad. Some of those affected in this country include the Statue of Liberty, the Washington Monument and the Capitol. "The east

side of the Capitol is white Lee marble from Lee, Mass.," says Dr. Erhard Winkler of Notre Dame. "There are craters one-quarter inch or more in it. It looks like shrapnel has hit it. What has happened is that because of acid precipitation, the hard minerals

in the marble had changed to tile."

With one or two exceptions, the impact of acid precipitation on crops and forests has yet to be scientifically determined. There are more variables to contend with in terrestrial ecosystems than aquatic ecosystems. But ex- continued

order streams can't even support the more tolerant brown trout," says Fred Johnson, Water Resources Coordinator of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. "There are also streams that we can't stock because the trout season begins because of the acidity of the snowmelt. The situation is very serious." A portion of Pennsylvania extending through the central and northern sections of the state routinely has the most acidic rainfall of any large area in the country. The average in the summer is pH 3.8.

WEST VIRGINIA: A dozen trout streams are too acid to support fish. Moreover, 150 miles of the state's total of 550 miles of native brook-trout streams are considered "threatened," says Don Gasper of the Department of Natural Resources. "The average pH of this 150 miles of streams is 5.5," he says. "In the springtime it dips down to 4.8 or 5 and then climbs up to 6 in September. If the stream pH were to decline a half a pH unit, there would be no more fish. West Virginia is a stream state, and we're talking about losing one-quarter of our heritage," concludes Gasper. "What's coming down is very, very bad. We're really very worried." In addition, stocked streams are also being affected. Gasper says that about 150 miles of these are too acid in the spring to be stocked.

KENTUCKY: In Cumberland State Park, located in the southern part of the state, acid deposition is leaching heavy metals into watersheds. Lake Nymph in the Bernheim Forest, which is close to the Kentucky-Indiana border, has detectable levels of lead.

NORTH CAROLINA-TENNESSEE: The Great Smoky Mountains National Park, which covers 509,000 acres in both states, is taking a battering. The beautiful blue haze that comes from lacquers and oils liberated from the forest canopy is rarely seen. Instead, visibility has been greatly reduced, obscured by an ugly gray haze composed of man-made particulates, mostly aluminum sulfates. After the Los Angeles basin, the western slope of the southern Appalachians, from Georgia north to Kentucky, has the highest frequency of air stagnation in the U.S.

The average pH of precipitation in the park has gone from 5.3 in 1955 to 4.4 in 1973 and 4.2 in 1980. In the spring, stream pH levels drop to as low as 4.3, and aluminum leaching is ongoing. In Beech Flats Creek zinc and aluminum have reached nearly toxic levels for fish, and rainbow trout in the park, con-

tained more than the permissible amount of mercury allowed for human consumption until the Food and Drug Administration raised the level from 5 parts per million to 1 in 1979. In lakes lying just outside the park boundary in North Carolina, smallmouth bass have abnormal backbones, generally associated with aluminum toxicity. Amphibians, particularly salamanders, are also threatened. The park contains the greatest diversity of salamanders in the world, including the Plethodonidae, the lungless salamanders that probably evolved in the region.

GEORGIA: Northeastern Georgia, extending from Raymond County to Pickens County, has low buffering capacity, according to state environmental officials. There have been reports of skeletal deformities in smallmouth bass in Lake Chatuga, a northern reservoir, and officials say there's some indication that these might be the effects of low pH.

FLORIDA: Acid precipitation threatens poorly buffered lakes in the sandy central highlands region that runs the length of the peninsula. According to Dr. P.J. Brezonik, water resources specialist formerly of the University of Florida and now at the University of Minnesota, the acidity of Florida rainfall has increased markedly in the last 25 years. The most acidic rains—with a pH of less than 4.7—fall on the northern two-thirds of the state.

MICHIGAN: Some 16,000 lakes of more than 10 acres each are considered susceptible to acid precipitation. More than half the 8,000 lakes and ponds in the Upper Peninsula have an alkalinity of only about 10 parts per million. The Keweenaw Peninsula on Lake Superior receives one of the heaviest snowfalls in the U.S., averaging about 12 to 13 feet annually, and the median pH for snowfalls in the winter of 1977-78 was 4.5.

WISCONSIN: Twenty-six hundred lakes of more than 20 acres in size are considered very susceptible to acidification because they have a pH of 6 or less and little alkalinity.

MINNESOTA: The northern part of the state, particularly the Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness, is susceptible to acidification. In fact, the "Transboundary Air Pollution Interim Report," prepared last February by a group of American and Canadian scientists, noted that "Atmosphere load near the BWCANW is at levels associated with the onset of lake acidification in Scandinavian countries."

COLORADO: Acid precipitation is filling on

the Rockies northwest of Denver. Drs. William M. Lewis Jr. and Michael C. Grant, environmental biologists at the University of Colorado, accidentally discovered this in 1975 while they were working in the university's mountain research station, 9,000 feet up at Como Creek, adjacent to the Indian Peaks Wilderness Area. In the four years from 1974 to '78 the pH of precipitation dropped at a rapid rate, from 5.4 to 5.0, to 4.8, to 4.7. Then, in August, Dr. John Harte of the Rocky Mountain Biological Laboratory reported that small lakes and streams in the Elk Mountains near Crested Butte in western Colorado have very high levels of acid. Harte said that the pH of rain and snow in the area had sunk as low as 3.6 in some storms.

WYOMING: The average pH of precipitation falling at Yellowstone National Park was 5.2 in 1980.

MONTANA: The pH average for precipitation in Glacier National Park was 4.9.

IDAHO: The 1980-81 pH average at Craters of the Moon National Monument was 4.8. All these Rocky Mountain averages are for wet deposition only.

NEW MEXICO: Acid precipitation with a pH often in the 4s and occasionally in the 3s has been reported for the Tesque Watersheds in the Santa Fe National Forest.

ARIZONA: The 1980 pH average for Tombstone was 5.2.

WASHINGTON: Twenty-four of 68 lakes sampled in the Olympic Mountains and the Cascades by Drs. Eugene R. Welch and William H. Chamberlain, of the University of Washington, had a pH of less than 6. Seven lakes had a pH of less than 5.5; they all were located in the Alpine Lakes Wilderness, due east of Seattle. In a report submitted to the National Park Service, Welch and Chamberlain noted that 70% of the rainfall monitored in Seattle ranged in pH from 5.2 to 4.2.

CALIFORNIA: Dr. Doug Lawson, a researcher for the state Air Resources Board, says, "The state has levels of acid precipitation as high as or higher than any place in the country, and we do have areas that are very susceptible in the Sierra Nevada and around Los Angeles where there are exposed granitic surfaces." The pH of drizzle measured by Dr. James Morgan of Cal Tech in 1978 was 2.9. Recently, when scientists flew through smog over Los Angeles, they were unable to conduct tests because acids had corroded their instruments.

AMERICAN TRAGEDY

continued

perennial work with simulated acid rain has shown a number of harmful effects on crops, such as the leaching of nutrients from foliage, the inhibition of nitrogen fixation essential to photosynthesis and the reduced yields of pinto beans and soybeans. Indeed, Dr. Lance Evans of New York's Manhattan College estimates that as a result of acid precipitation soybean farmers annually suffer a loss of \$50 million because of a 1% reduction in yield.

Probably the most significant work on North American forests is that being done in the Green Mountains by Dr. Hubert Vogelmann and Margaret Bliss of the University of Vermont and Dr. Thomas E. Siccama of Yale. In a paper to be published in the *Bulletin of the Torrey Botanical Club* (a peer-review journal), they report a startling 50% dieback in red spruce on Camel's Hump, Jay Peak, Bolton Mountain and Mount Abraham. The dieback has occurred in the last 15 years on land that the scientists had previously studied. "Examination of dying trees has not revealed disease organisms," they write. "The fact that trees of all ages become necrotic suggests that they are under environmental stress, but it is not clear what stress or stresses are involved. Red spruce decline is especially pronounced at upper mountain elevations where precipitation is high and fog is of frequent occurrence. Studies currently underway in the Green Mountains indicate that both rain and fog at these elevations are highly acid... Heavy metals (i.e., lead, copper and zinc) are known to be accumulating in forest soils at upper elevations. Since the environment of high elevations is normally fragile, it is possible that recent atmospheric pollution is sufficient to tip the balance of trees already growing in a stressed situation."

What's being done to curtail acid precipitation? A lot, in Canada. Canadians know they have a great deal to lose besides lakes and rivers. Forest products are the biggest industry in that country. The single largest source of sulfur dioxide emissions in North America is the International Nickel Company's nearly one-quarter-mile-high superstack, the tallest in the world, in Sudbury, Ontario. Every day the stack spews 2,500 tons of sulfur dioxide into the atmosphere, and some of it reaches the U.S. The stack used to exude more than 5,000 tons of sulfur dioxide a day, but INCO is now under provincial orders to cut emissions to 1,950

tons a day by 1983 and make further reductions thereafter to the lowest feasible level. Until last year, provincial governments set the standards for emissions of sulfur and nitrogen oxides—much in the manner that the Reagan Administration is planning to propose that emissions regulations be established by individual states—but Canada amended that law in 1980, giving Parliament the authority to control sources that contribute to pollution "across national boundaries."

But Canada can't go it alone. Two-thirds of the sulfuric acid that falls there originates in the U.S., and Canada is



Normal inner galls have large surface area.

waiting to see what the U.S. is going to do when Congress and the Administration reconsider the Clean Air Act, probably in December. If the utility industry has its way, the U.S. will not take effective action now.

Utility arguments against control of emissions sometimes are absurd, but the industry also presents the following seemingly cogent points:

- *It is unclear whether precipitation is becoming more acid in the East. That's true, but there are large areas of the U.S. and Canada that can't endure anywhere near current levels of acidity without suffering further damage.*
- *Fish in Florida lakes with a low pH "show no sign of dying." Correct. What isn't said is that the fish are stunted and emaciated.*
- *The "three lakes in the Adirondacks" argument. This is a favorite of Dr. Ralph*

Perhac of the Electric Power Research Institute. On Feb. 27, 1980, Perhac testified before the House Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigations that "In EPRI's lake acidification study, we have found three lakes in the Adirondack Mountains of New York State which have very different acidities, yet these lakes lie within a few miles of each other and chemistry of the rainfall is the same at all three. Obviously some factor other than precipitation is responsible for the acidity." What Perhac didn't tell the Congressmen was that the three lakes in question—they happen to be Panther, Sagamore and Woods, Bill Marlem's old favorite—have different buffering capacities. On March 19, 1980, Perhac repeated the same testimony to the Senate Subcommittee on Environmental Pollution.

- *Sudden acidification of a body of water, in itself, may not be responsible for fish kills. Perhac used this argument before both the House and Senate subcommittees last year, and he cited a case of a kill that occurred in the Tovdal River in Norway in early 1975. It's true that the sudden acidification "in itself," to quote Perhac's hedge phrase, didn't kill the fish. What Perhac didn't say was that it was determined that the likely killing agent was aluminum, mobilized by the acid snowmelt.*

- *Acid rain is turning up in remote parts of the world, such as Hawaii. Therefore acid rain is natural and industry cannot be blamed. This argument is completely irrelevant to the situation in the north-eastern U.S., where natural sources are far too small to account for the observed sulfuric acid in precipitation. Yes, rain in Hawaii is acid, ranging from 5.2 at sea level to 4.3 at 7,500 feet, but the scientists who documented this, John O. Miller and Alan Yoshinaga of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, have suggested that convective rainstorms may reach high up into the troposphere to precipitate pollutants coming from distant sources. Recently Canadian scientists reported that pollutants traveling 3,000 miles and more from Europe, Asia and possibly North America are causing a pervasive haze in the Arctic during winter and spring.*

- *A reduction in sulfur dioxide emissions in the Midwest and Northeast, say of 50%, wouldn't cause a 50% decline in suspended sulfates, wet sulfur deposi-*

non and acid precipitation in the Northeast. "It is true that there is not a one-to-one correspondence in reductions," says Oppenheimer, who has been studying the chemical transformation and deposition of sulfur. "But long-range transport models indicate that 90% reductions would lead to very significant decreases closer to 50% than to zero."

- Any acidified waters could be restored by liming. Liming is useful only on a limited Band-Aid scale for the preservation of unique fish populations. "It has its place currently in fishery management, but it isn't viewed as the solution to the problem," says Cornell's Schofield. Harvey of the University of Toronto says, "Let us discuss out of hand that we can lime the northeast quadrant of a continent." Liming also doesn't answer the other threats posed by acid precipitation.

- In 1980 two scientists who tested ice core samples concluded that acid rain existed long before the Industrial Revolution. They found the samples, which were taken from the Antarctic and the Himalayan Mountains, laden with acid. One sample was 350 years old. This "well-documented and proven information" is cited in the Edison Electric Institute's publication, *Before the Rainbow: What We Know About Acid Rain*. This information is false. It was based on an article that ran in *The Wall Street Journal* on Sept. 18, 1980. That story began, "Acid rain, a recent concern of environmentalists, has been pelting the earth for centuries, according to findings by two University of New Hampshire scientists."

The two scientists referred to, Dr. Paul Mayewski and Dr. W. Berry Lyons, insist they made no such findings. "The story was extremely distorted," says Mayewski. "There were no significant heavy acid traces at all in the cores, and we stressed to the man from *The Wall Street Journal* that we were doing research on ice and snow, not rain and acid rain." Mitchell C. Lynch, whose byline appears on *The Wall Street Journal* story, stands by his piece as an accurate presentation of the information given to him by the scientists. On Oct. 1, 1980 the *Journal* used Lynch's article as a peg for an editorial declaring that the "theory" that acid rain is a result of industrialization "has just taken a couple of body blows from Mother Nature."

Others have taken up the cry. In a speech last May at an international acid

rain conference at the State University of New York at Buffalo, William N. Poundstone, executive vice-president of Consolidation Coal Company, cited "research by two scientists at the University of New Hampshire. They studied Antarctic and Himalayan ice cores, dating back 350 years. Here, clearly in the absence of fossil-fuel burning plants, they found pH values in the low 5s."

Industry representatives often use arguments such as the above to turn out articles that befuddle the public and legislators. Since they all seem to be reaching into the same old bag, it's sometimes dif-



But aluminum-carrying cubs effectively

ficult to discern who wrote what first. Two articles published back to back in *Before the Rainbow: What We Know About Acid Rain*, a 102-page paperback published by the Edison Electric Institute as part of its "Decisionmakers Bookshelf," are just about identical, word for word, page after page, except for the placement of some paragraphs.

Essentially that book is a compendium of articles intended to define the utility industry's stance on acid rain. Its tone is set by Editor Carolyn Curtis, who, after sewing upon the fact that "natural rain is somewhat acidic," writes, "So by all rights we should have been saying for years, 'It's acid raining outside,' or 'Take your umbrella. It's going to acid rain today.' This sounds preposterous, but it's true. Thus, our first understanding is that the strong verbal image, 'acid rain,' elicits more fear than it deserves."

Curtis also writes that "what has been printed on this subject ranges from good through mediocre to bad in terms of editorial consistency and scientific soundness.... The media—which have many fine writers, editors and, yes, thinkers—have painted for me an amusing portrait of two of our society's most distinguished professions. One is of a scientist who one day comes across some surprising information that precipitation is higher in acidity than distilled water. He scratches his head and says, 'By golly, I've been wondering why all those fish have been disappearing.' The other is of a government lawmaker. He reads a report that scientists are learning rain has a higher acid content than they realized before. He looks up at a staffer and shouts, 'I knew it! It's those so-and-so's in industry. They've been sending stuff up in the air and now it's showering down on all of us.'"

"If scientists and Congressmen were as overly reactive and quick to jump to conclusions as that, we would not have progressed beyond the alchemists and feudal systems of the Middle Ages. On the other hand, if we knew all the scientific information there was to know and if every law had been passed, then those folks wouldn't have much to do."

Fred Johnson of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission says, "The utility companies responsible are dragging their feet and screaming and hollering that they need another 20 years of research. If we do that, it'll be too late.... They put out propaganda, and this confuses the public, which is going to suffer in the end. I just got another piece of garbage in the mail today from General Public Utilities."

The GPU's brochure that so exercised Johnson is called *Take the Acid Test*, and one of the questions it asks is, Is acid rain a problem in Pennsylvania? GPU's answer is, "The results of the studies to date are inconclusive and often downright contradictory. For example, the Pennsylvania Fish Commission is blaming increasing acidity in the rainfall for low fish populations in some streams. But Dr. Robert P. Pfeiffer, an associate professor at Pennsylvania State University, views acid rain as a boon to the Pennsylvania farming community. He said that without the sulfur and nitrogen brought down by acid rain, Pennsylvania would become barren of most vegetation."

The utility industry has some formidable political allies on the state level,

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AMERICAN TRAGEDY

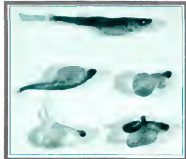
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notably Ohio Governor James Rhodes, who has said that his state is no more to blame for acid rain than Florida is to blame for hurricanes. James F. McAvoy, former director of Ohio's Environmental Protection Agency, admitted to Congress last year that his state is the largest single emitter of sulfur dioxide in the nation, but he refused to concede that acid precipitation was "a very serious problem." McAvoy testified: "Despite the reported effects of acid rain on the environment we cannot afford to overreact to preliminary data, especially in light of our grave energy needs today. . .

We are aware that both the U.S. EPA and the White House have stated that it will take at least 10 years to accurately determine the extent, effects, sources and controls of this phenomenon. In our opinion, the 10-year figure may be overly optimistic. . . ." Two months ago President Reagan nominated McAvoy for the Council on Environmental Quality.

What do Administration officials think about acid precipitation? In April of 1980, David Stockman, now the Director of the Office of Management and Budget, told a Washington meeting of the National Association of Manufacturers that he was "somewhat of a self-avowed heretic" who didn't belong to the "choir of the faithful committed to issuing melodious harmonies to the tenets of orthodoxy regarding the Clean Air Act." Addressing himself directly to acid rain, Stockman went on to say, "I kept reading these stories that there are 170 lakes dead in New York that will no longer carry any fish or aquatic life. And it occurred to me to question . . . well how much are the fish worth in the 170 lakes that account for four percent of the lake area of New York? And does it make sense to spend billions of dollars controlling emissions from sources in Ohio and elsewhere if you're talking about very marginal volume of dollar value, either in recreational or commercial terms?"

After Stockman finished, an NAM spokesman said he found it "encouraging to know that somebody who thinks like that is still in Washington and has something to say." Stockman has much to say



Canadian trout fry from acidified water show malformations.

now about any approach to acid rain. As director of the OMB he has oversight of all environmental regulations.

After the 1980 presidential elections, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau of Canada said he planned to discuss acid precipitation with the new President at the first meeting between the two. They met and talked in Ottawa in March, but the signs are that their discussion yielded little progress on acid precipitation problems. A month afterward, Robin Porter, the State Department's specialist on pollution problems with Canada, said that any treaty with Canada on transboundary air pollution was "at least three or four years away." Angry Canadian officials said that any such delay was unacceptable.

Several weeks later the Administration further angered the Canadians when it failed to send its official representative—Frederic N. Khedouri, Associate Director of the OMB for Natural Resources, Energy and Science—to an acid rain conference in Buffalo. Among those stood up by Khedouri was Dr. Mark MacGuigan, Canada's Secretary of State for External Affairs.

MacGuigan pointedly told the conference: "To . . . those who propound the view that economic and energy considerations make significant controls unfeasible, I would submit that significant emissions reductions, if wisely applied, need not detract from economic and energy goals. Nor should the legitimate costs of production be passed off to another party—in this case another country. This is spurious in economic

terms and irresponsible in the spirit of international legal considerations.

" . . . acid rain is a serious bilateral issue because Canadians perceive that further delay in tackling the burgeoning threat of acid rain can result in further incalculable damage. Such delays would be particularly repugnant to Canadians if they were the result solely of narrow vested interests.

" . . . it was an international arbitration in the 1930s between Canada and the United States that provided what is still the clearest statement of the international law relating to air pollution. At the conclusion of the Trail Smelter Arbitration, in which Canada had previously

accepted liability for damage caused [to farmers] in the state of Washington by fumes from a smelter in British Columbia, the arbitral tribunal stated that 'no state has the right to permit the use of its territory in such a manner as to cause injury by fumes in or to the territory of another, or the properties of persons therein. . . .'

"I am certain that all responsible Americans accept that the rule of law should guide their relations with other countries as well as their internal activities. I am also certain that responsible Americans recognize that our mutual obligations must be met by dealing with the causes of acid rain to prevent further damage rather than concentrating on remedies for damage after it has occurred."

The next move is up to Congress. Of all those who have addressed the issue, Oppenheimer of EDF says it best: "We have taken a basic parameter of nature, snow and rainfall, which touches everything, and we have changed the acidity by a factor of 10 to 100 times over normal in the last half-century. Nature operates on a long time scale, but we have been making a host of changes at once, and all the cumulative effects of these changes on this country cannot be understood at once. This is a matter of grave concern. Acid precipitation is an incipient disaster of the first order, and if we don't do anything, within 10 years we'll start to see seriously significant effects beyond already manifest fishless lakes." **END**



1962, Andrall E. Pearson, Management Consultant, McKinsey & Company, Inc.

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Reminiscence

by HARRY MIDDLETON

IN THE LAST GAME OF THE SEASON, A LITTLE LEAGUER'S SILENT BAT ROARED

This baseball strike gave me quiet Sunday afternoons and an opportunity to review my own career with bat and ball, particularly those years I spent in Little League. I played for Deaver's Electric and for Dunwiddie's Pest Control of Annandale, Va. By far my best season was spent as catcher for Deaver's Electric.

I batted ninth in the lineup. My reputation with a bat was dismal and well deserved. I swung at any pitch, and pitchers eagerly awaited my arrival in the batter's box so they could throw me their three worst pitches and not worry about it. My batting average hovered in the smaller numbers and rarely made it above .200.

We optimistically called ourselves the Tigers, and our coach was a stout man who had a knack for perspiring heavily and got redder as the summer dragged on, so that by season's end he had taken on the eerie aspect of an experimental tomato that got out of hand. He absolutely refused to take a pitcher out of a game in the firm belief that a man should finish what he starts, even when the score was 15-2 against him after two innings.

The Deaver Tigers' last game in the summer of 1966 was of no great consequence. We had an obstinate hold on last place that we weren't about to give up. Even so, the game was the most important of my short career as a baseball player because, in the ninth inning, I got my first and only home run. My hands stung delightfully for a year afterward, it seemed, following me from the sixth grade into the seventh and into early manhood. What made the home run all the more thrilling and pleasing was that I hit it off Ernie (Four Fingers) Whitfield, as I shall call him here. Whitfield got his nickname after his younger brother, dressed as Chief Crazy Horse, cut off the third finger of Ernie's left hand with a kitchen knife. Ernie's brother defended himself by saying that the attack was retribution for the white man's sins against the Indian and his brother's annoying habit of squealing on him.

In any event, Ernie quickly lost what

little sense of humor he had. Tall, lean, with beetling eyebrows and tiny lead-gray eyes, and a nose that had a curve of its own, Ernie scared to death any batter he couldn't strike out. He had only one pitch—a fastball that he delivered side-arm and which shum-shum-shimmied across the plate while making a whirling noise like a train racing through a tunnel.

The game took place on an indifferent Virginia August afternoon, behind McDermott's Texaco station on Shirley Highway. A hot wind lucked up small clouds of dust smelling of lime, sweat and cherry Kool-Aid. Fathers milled about behind the backstop, pushing their sons' stock whenever they got the opportunity. All save my father, that is, who sat in a sagging green-and-white lawn chair placidly drinking ice tea and thoroughly perplexing anyone who dared talk baseball with him.

"My boy's hittin' .390. What an eye the kid's got," I overheard a man comment to my father. My father, however, already



had it on good authority, from me, that the man's son had never batted better than .125 in his entire life.

"Harry dropped another foul tip last week against Molly's Paint and Nick-Nack Warehouse," my father retorted gleefully. "Soft hands. Gets 'em from my wife's people. They raise earthworms."

By the sixth inning, Ernie and the Suburban Savings & Loan Association White Sox led 10-0 and had settled into the routine, carefree play of assured winners. We did our part by striking out in order or hitting lazy pop-ups. Finally, as black squadrons of gnats began to close in on us, the score mounted to 16-0 and we were down to our last three outs. Our

shortstop dribbled a grounder to third base, ran to first and kept on running to his parents' idling station wagon. Then, our knuckleball pitcher, whose knuckler waddled more than knuckled, struck out, shouting after the called third strike, "Tell me, Ump, how come you don't keep your eyes shut when I'm pitching?"

"What was that?" shrieked the umpire as our pitcher slogged back to the bench. "Watchya language, kid, y'hear? I don't gotta take that kind of bilge from a slow-baller the likes of you, not for any lousy ten bucks a game I don't."

As I walked to the plate, Whitfield heaved an audible sigh of relief. He shifted his bubble gum from left cheek to right, wiped his forehead, adjusted his cap, turned the ball several times in the dull brown pocket of his mitt. Suddenly, his right arm shot out of his torsional windup like a coiled whip. "Strike!" Behind me I could hear more anxious parents packing up and starting their cars, but this didn't disturb a player of my caliber. Whitfield's second pitch was low, in the dirt, but I took a nice, level cut at it anyway.

Then I saw Ernie's arm snap around toward the plate. I swung in defense and Ernie (Four Fingers) Whitfield's facball and my 34-inch, medium-weight Louisville Slugger met somewhere in front of home plate. The collision stung my hands, set great flows of adrenaline loose through my veins, made me swallow my bubble gum. Meanwhile, the ball shot through the August sky, landing in the driveway of McDermott's Texaco, where it came to rest next to the premium pump, well beyond the home-run line marked by a fine growth of dandelions and poke-weeds and red anthills. I ran the bases slowly, still holding my bat. Touching home plate ended the spell. Whitfield spat in the dust, wiped his forehead and struck out our leftfielder, ending the game. When I arrived at our car I noticed my father across the field, standing by McDermott's Texaco as the man with the bullhorn reduced the game to facts: "White Sox 16, Tigers 1. Winning pitcher, Whitfield. No runs, no hits, no . . . I'm sorry, one run, one hit, no errors. Thank you all for coming." ■

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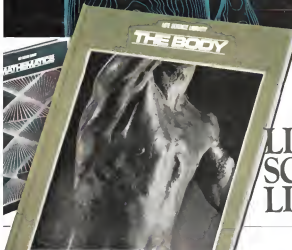
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THE GREAT DEBATE

Sir:

I totally agree with John Underwood regarding his debate with Paul Zimmerman (*A Running Debate*, Sept. 7). I feel that the running attacks of most college football teams are much more advanced and more exciting to watch than those of most pro teams. I'd much rather see a college game featuring good running attacks than sit through a pro game watching "cows on ice."

BILL KARTBOHL
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sir:

Paul Zimmerman is stupid to think that pro football is as exciting as the college game. Pro football is dull. Pro coaches should have their quarterbacks run options and bootlegs.

LARRY VLAAR
Diamond Bar, Calif.

Sir:

I have a bit of news for John Underwood and Paul Zimmerman. The running game isn't obsolete in the modern NFL. In this season's first week, seven teams—Tampa Bay, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Miami, Green Bay and Atlanta—rushed for more yardage than they gained via the air. All seven won.

Of course, as the Oilers have spent three years learning, you can't win with an attack based solely on rushing. But an "Air Coryell" mentality is no more effective, and it seems to me that no team has ever won the Super Bowl with a one-dimensional offense.

JOHN TIEMAN
Upland, Calif.

Sir:

John Underwood throws all those 400-yard rushing figures in college games at us without considering the difference between college and pro defenses. Defensive play in the pros is totally superior to that of the colleges. With many pro teams playing the 3-4 defense and others playing the flex, it's nearly impossible for pro teams to match college rushing figures.

I feel that the passing game of the pros is much more thrilling than the constant running game of the colleges.

SCOTT CAMPBELL
Bowie, Md.

Sir:

College football more exciting than the pros? Sorry, John, but you've got the wrong sport. You're thinking of basketball.

CELAN URBAN
Huntsville, Ala.

Sir:

The pros can't run because the "daylight"

between the zones, where professional defenders are effective, has diminished severely over the years as their collective size, speed and tackling skills have increased while the field dimensions remained fixed.

This situation exists for the colleges, as well, when the talent factors are equal. Over the past decade, balanced offensive teams like USC and Notre Dame have consistently defeated their run-oriented peers from the Big Ten, Southeastern and Southwest conferences, especially in postseason bowls.

Because pro defenders have even greater effective ranges than their college counterparts, pro offenses must constantly search for means to spread them out. Given that the field isn't likely to be widened, this means that the offensive attack zone can be increased only via the air—and at the expense of the ground game.

TED PETERS
Ann Arbor, Mich.

DR. Z'S PICKS

Sir:

Your Pro Football Issue was great, but picking the Packers to finish last in the NFC Central was a big mistake (*Scouting Reports*, Sept. 7). The Pack is back, and the pre-season and opening-game results prove it.

BRIAN FRAGAL
Wauwatosa, Wis.

Sir:

Oallas to finish ahead of Philadelphia? Come on!

JACK MARTIN
Midland, Mich.

Sir:

Paul Zimmerman's pick of the Oilers to finish 7-9 and in third place in the AFC Central is ridiculous. The Oilers can stack their offense against any team in the NFL and come out at least even.

BRIAN MILLER
Cudahy, Wis.

Sir:

Buffalo to go all the way? You'd better believe it! Thank you, Paul Zimmerman.

JOHN BRUNSWILER
Williamsville, N.Y.

SLIVER LINING

Sir:

Black always seemed to me an appropriate color for the Oakland Raiders' uniforms. After all, nothing else would have looked quite right on Jack Tatum. And now the Raiders are coming on strong with greed as Al Davis attempts to send Oakland fans back to their living rooms while he seeks the end of the rainbow in Los Angeles.

But I should have known. Even big business

has its white knights. Rick Telander's story about Jim Plunkett (*On the Edge of the Storm*, Sept. 7) sent all my "Here Oakland" emotions packing. I hope Plunkett carries the Raiders to another Super Bowl championship.

ROBERT G. COVAT
Lexington, Miss.

SMALLEST SMALLS

Sir:

To locate a football-playing college smaller than Pillsbury Baptist, with its 340 male students (*Small Colleges*, Aug. 31), you need look no further than Pillsbury's 1981 schedule. On Oct. 10, Pillsbury travels to Watertown, Wis., to play Northwestern College, a school that fields a football team from just 280 male students. Perhaps more noteworthy is the fact that NFL scouts have their eyes on two of Northwestern's linemen, seniors Daniel Marshall and Eric Zimmerman. I'd say it's a classic case of quality, not quantity.

JOY BAUGE
Mequon, Wis.

FAMOUS FROGS

Sir:

Dan Jenkins' delightful reminiscence about the glory days of TCU football (*When the Frogs Were Princes*, Aug. 31) would have met with my father's complete approval. He would have been pleased to be remembered as the first Heisman Trophy winner from the Southwest Conference, but more pleased by far to have his beloved school so fondly recalled.

Perhaps, though, he would have been most pleased with his friend, Dan Jenkins, affectionately describing a time when football was a game that people like my father played for the sheer fun of it. In that respect, the boys in the baggy canvas pants are one up on their counterparts in the fishnet jerseys.

DAVID O'BRIEN JR.
Fort Worth

Sir:

TCU's Sammy Baugh was truly one of the all-time greats. I saw him play many times as a Redskin. He was not, however, quarterback of the 1937 NFL champion Redskins. I saw the game at Wrigley Field. The backfield consisted of Riley Smith, quarterback, Ernie Puckett, blocking back, and Cliff Battles and Baugh, halfbacks. The Redskins of that time used the single-wing formation. The Chicago Bears were the only T-formation team in the league.

Baugh put on a spectacular display of passing and kicking. He could quick-kick from the single wing, and did so several times on third down. The field was frozen, and with no safety back on third down, the ball would roll forever. As I recall, several of his quick

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

kicks went 70 to 80 yards that day. He also played safety on defense and made a number of game-saving tackles when he was the only man between the bulbarrier and the goal line.

Baugh's punting feats are well known. Not too many people recognize his punting ability. The last time I checked, he still held the NFL record for highest punting average for a season (51.4 yards).

WILLIAM B. BARNES
Hayes, Va.

MICHIGAN'S STEKETEE

Sir:

As a loyal University of Michigan alumnus and football fan, I was delighted to observe, in your Aug. 31 issue, our much-deserved preseason No. 1 national rating (*The Top 20*). The article on Herschel Walker of Georgia (*More than Georgia's on His Mind*) was also of interest. However, the comment that he was the first freshman to make the All-America team "in this century" is incorrect.

Michigan Fullback Frank W. Steketee, my uncle, was named on Walter Camp's All-America team in 1918 as a freshman. Frank was a great runner, punter and dropkick.

JOHN P. STEKETEE
Michigan '50
Grand Rapids

CONFERENCE NOTES

Sir:

When John Papanek compares the total number of players from different college football conferences who are on NFL rosters (*What You See, You Get*, Aug. 31), he ignores the fact that the Pac-10 has two more schools than the Big Eight. When you calculate the average number of players per school, which is the only fair comparison, the Big Eight leads the Pac-10, 16.5 to 14.0.

STEPHEN L. STERN
Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

I want to call your attention to an obvious typo in John Papanek's article. The statement reads, "Alabama doesn't even have to play Georgia this year." Everyone makes mistakes, so don't worry, because I know that he meant to say "Georgia doesn't even have to play Alabama this year." Or last year, which is why the Bulldogs were rated No. 1 at the end of the season.

BILL BRINTONSON
Corvallis, Ore.

Sir:

John Papanek stated that the last two Florida State teams have been "overrated." Where does he get off? The 1980 Seminoles were 10-1, with only a one-point (10-9) loss to Miami. They defeated Nebraska and Pittsburgh back-to-back and finished the season No. 1 in scoring defense. Only a last-minute pass by Oklahoma Quarterback J.C. Watts in the Orange Bowl kept FSU from a possible national title.

BILL PARKER
Clearwater, Fla.

continued



Life Insurance...



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Deciding what type of life insurance you need can be compared to deciding whether to rent an apartment or own a home. This comparison can help you understand the different benefits the two basic types of insurance can provide and how Metropolitan's new **Whole Life *Plus*** policy may be the answer for you.

Term Insurance Is Like Renting

Both an apartment lease and a term policy last for a set period. Renting an apartment is often the only affordable choice for some. So too, term insurance can initially provide much more coverage per premium dollar than whole life. Like most rents, however, the premiums on term increase with each renewal. Also, as an apartment renter doesn't build up equity, a term policy doesn't build up cash value.

Whole Life Insurance Is Like Owning

Just as a home you own and a whole life policy can protect you for your entire life if you want. And just as a home owner makes equal payments with a conventional mortgage, the owner of a whole life policy pays the same premium each year. Further, the cash value builds up in a whole life policy in much the same way as equity in the home does from making mortgage payments.

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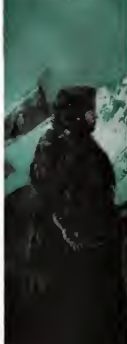


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18TH HOLE continued

THE TV REVOLUTION (CONT.)

Sir:

Your two-part article on cable and pay TV (*The Television Revolution*, Aug. 10 and 17) was most enlightening. It confirms my suspicions of long duration: Owners of major sports franchises aren't headed for the poorhouse. They're heading toward that pot of gold called cable TV revenue. I feel everyone in Chicago knows that Eddie Einhorn, the former TVS and CBS mogul, purchased the Sox for the future benefits cable TV will generate in the Chicago area. We all know cable isn't going to make billionaires out of the owners. How about multibillionaires?

LAWRENCE C. NEFF
Schaumburg, Ill.

Sir:

In Part II of William Oscar Johnson's article, Tom Villante describes a scenario in which a Cleveland youngster becomes an Atlanta Braves fan because of a "tremendous load of Braves games" earned to Cleveland via cable from WTBS in Atlanta. "He's the least productive fan in all of sports," sniffs Villante.

I'm sure Villante was merely trying to make a point, but he obviously believes that the existence of such aberrations is a result of cable TV in general and superstations in particular. I believe that he's a little behind the times.

Radio created this so-called problem, commercial television compounded it and now cable is trying to profit from it. Radio broadcasts from faraway cities to rural areas helped create pockets of fans for those city teams throughout the countryside. Thus, an Oklahoman could be a St. Louis Cardinal fan without once leaving home. With the aid of satellites, the reach of a broadcast became wider. For example, in the late 1960s and early '70s, while living in New Haven, Conn., I became a Minnesota Viking fan.

To paraphrase Pete Roetzel, what reduces the number of fans is a losing team. In New Haven I was surrounded by losing teams: the Bills, the Jets, the Giants and the Patriots. I had to root for somebody. The weekend TV broadcasts allowed me to go shopping nationally. So in decrying the youngster in Cleveland who's a Brave fan, Villante is picking on the wrong villain.

By the way, I now receive both WTBS and WGN (Chicago) at my home here in Alabama. I have quite a choice: the Braves, the Cubs and the White Sox; the Bulls and the Hawks; and even the Stung and the Chiefs. But I intend to stick with the Phillies, Eagles and 76ers.

ZOLLIE S. STRINGER III
Troy, Ala.

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